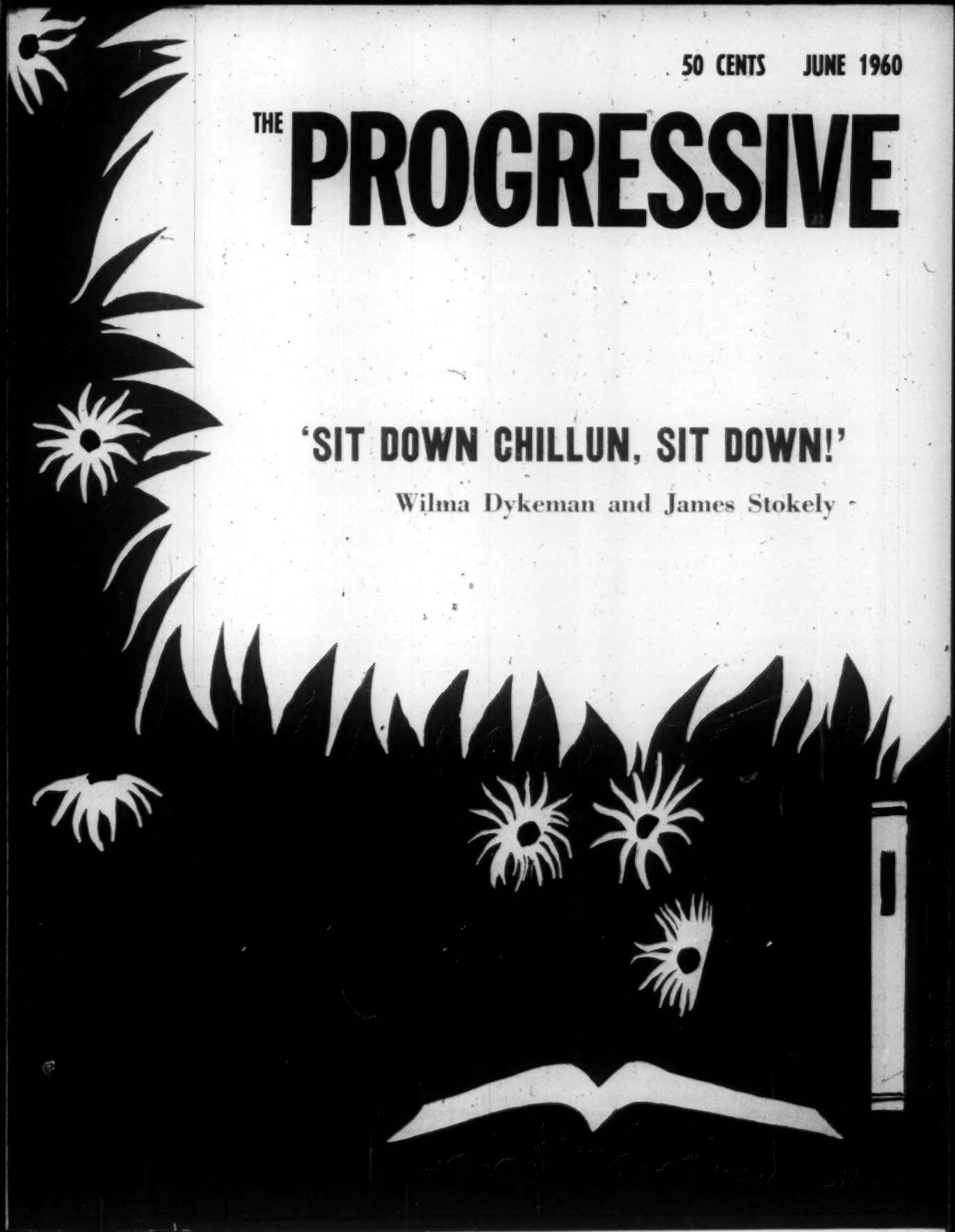
50 CENTS JUNE 1960

THE PROGRESSIVE

'SIT DOWN CHILLUN, SIT DOWN!'

Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely



Office memo

"IF YOU HAVE the names of three Cubans who should be reading *The Progressive*," wrote a subscriber the other day, "let me know and I will send you a check under your three subscriptions for $3 offer." We didn't have any Cubans on tap at the moment, but within twenty-four hours a radio news editor who had recently been in Cuba provided us with the names of three influential newspaper editors on that troubled island, and we closed the deal. For good measure, we are sending the May issue to our new Cuban readers because we want them to see Karl Meyer's balanced article on "Castro's Cuba." They may find it refreshing to know there are *Yanquis* who have a genuine desire that the revolution succeed in its goal of improving the welfare of the people, but harbor also a deep concern lest the revolution be perverted by totalitarian excesses.

Meyer's thoughtful survey of Cuba typifies the value of *The Progressive* as an American good-will ambassador to other lands. *The Progressive* presents a facet of United States thought and attitude our foreign friends tell us they simply don't find in the slick news and picture magazines that permeate every country in the world. And thanks in large part to the generosity of our subscribers, many hundreds of readers in ninety-three foreign lands enjoy a magazine that, in the words of a subscriber in France, "comes like a ray of light in the dark." So many scores of subscribers have taken advantage of our special spring subscription offer to broaden the readership of *The Progressive*, at home as well as abroad, that we are extending the offer until June 30 to give even more readers an opportunity to participate. Here's how the offer works:

For every pair of five-month subscriptions, at home or abroad, entered at only $1.50 each, *The Progressive* will send another one free—three new subscriptions for only $3. Just write on a piece of paper the names of three of your friends or acquaintances, libraries, civic leaders, editors, and thoughtful citizens who should be reading *The Progressive* and mail to us with $3. If you would like to participate in this cooperative low cost venture, but would prefer that we select the readers, just indicate this when you send your order. You may, of course, have six subscriptions for $6 or nine for $9.

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There are two new offerings on *The Progressive's* reprint list this month, and a steady flow of orders for several published recently. The two new reprints are Representative Aime Forand's "Insurance Against Misery for the Aged" and Martin Luther King's "The Burning Truth in the South." Prices and instructions for ordering are on pages 34 and 12. Other popular reprints available are Adlai Stevenson's "America's Broken Mainspring," Richard L. Neuberger's "Adlai Stevenson: Last Chance" (prices on page 29), and "The Truth About Nixon" by William V. Shannon (see page 35).

VOLUME 24 NUMBER 6

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FOUNDED IN 1909 BY ROBERT M. LaFOLLETTE, S

JUNE, 1960

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THE PROGRESSIVE makes no attempt to exact complete conformity from its contributors, but rather welcomes a variety of opinions consistent with its general policies. Signed articles, therefore, do not necessarily represent the opinion of the management of the magazine.

THE PROGRESSIVE is published monthly. Copyright 1960 by The Progressive, Inc., 408 West Gorham Street, Madison 3, Wisconsin. Second-class postage paid at Madison, Wisconsin.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U. S. and foreign—One year $5; Two years $9; Three years $12. Trial subscription (for new subscribers only)—Ten months $3.

MANUSCRIPTS: The Progressive cannot assume responsibility for unsolicited articles and letters. None will be returned unless so requested and accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Printed in U.S.A.

PROGRESSIVE

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH
AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

Who Killed Civil Rights?

NEXT MONTH, when the political parties assemble for their quadrennial conventions, skilled phrasemakers will whip the platforms into final form. As always, both parties will have a section entitled "Civil Rights," in which they will solemnly pledge themselves to fight for the elimination of racial discrimination. As always, the planks will mean little, but this year they will carry unusual overtones of fraud, for both parties joined forces only recently to crush precisely the kind of reforms they will advocate in their platforms.

For ten weeks Congress toyed with the issue of civil rights. There were all-night sessions in the Senate, designed to give the people the impression of feverish activity and a "great debate." Actually, the leaders of both parties were merely marking time while they groped for a compromise that they could call a civil rights bill and yet not offend the sensibilities of the Southern Senators in the Club. The press played along by featuring photographs of Senators curled up in their cots or prancing about in their pajamas, while playing down or ignoring the monumental surrender that was in the making.

When it was all over, Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana summed up the sentiment of the racists in Congress when he gloated to his constituents that the bill as passed was "a victory for the South." And the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People sorrowfully agreed. The legislation, it said, was a "wretched remnant" of a civil rights bill that may make it more difficult, rather than easier, for Negroes to vote. Senator John Sparkman of Alabama, who boasted that he had talked for twenty hours and filled ninety-two pages of the *Congressional Record*, reported to his constituents: "The effects of the legislation will be negligible . . ."

The South, of course, had ample reason for its kindly view of the Civil Rights Act of 1960; the measure failed completely to achieve either of the two major objectives of those who sincerely sought effective legislation.

The first major aim of civil rights advocates was federal action to accelerate the faltering pace of public school integration. Six years after the Supreme Court's historic decision in *Brown v. Board of Education*, only six per cent of Negro children have been integrated into previously all-white schools. If nothing is done to increase that average of one per cent a year, it will take a hundred years to comply with the Supreme Court's mandate that integration proceed with "all deliberate speed."

Supporters of civil rights sought to speed the process by 1) proposing that the Attorney General of the United States be permitted to bring civil actions in the federal courts to achieve desegregation of schools and other public facilities, and 2) providing federal assistance in the form of funds and technical advice to school districts prepared to desegregate, including those which might face hostile state governments and the threat of closed schools.

"Looks Like There's Nothing but Paper in Here"

What was sought, most of all, was some positive indication from Congress and the Executive that these two branches of government were prepared to support the third, the Supreme Court, in enforcing the Constitution. Such an affirmative declaration, withheld for six troubled years, would have provided urgently needed assistance for those whose rights are at stake and a firm warning to demagogues that continued defiance would be tolerated no longer.

This affirmative approach was crushed in one house of Congress and ducked in the other. The Senate's pajama party produced a coalition against these provisions that was so strong it represented *a majority of Democrats and Republicans*. In the House of Representatives, a cynical parliamentary maneuver prevented the issue from reaching a vote.

The other major civil rights objective is graphically presented in the report of the President's Commission on Civil Rights. Nearly a century after the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, which guarantees voting rights to all citizens, the President's Commission found that only one Negro in four of voting age in the South is registered to vote. In sixty-five Southern counties where Negroes constitute a majority of the voting age population, none or only a handful is registered.

The Commission concluded, after exhaustive inquiry, that existing law is inadequate to protect the right to vote. Criminal remedies and private

civil suits had long been recognized as unequal to the task. Civil suits instituted by the Attorney General, the principle established by the Civil Rights Act of 1957, were also proving inadequate in these ways:

¶ Individual law suits, even when brought by several complainants, could hardly make a dent in wholesale denials of the right to vote.

¶ The demands upon Negroes to provide legal proof in a hostile atmosphere are stringent enough to deter many from even attempting to exercise their legal rights.

¶ The resignation of state registrars and the cunning use of every possibility for legal delay often keep litigation in the courts for years.

To overcome these fatal deficiencies, five of the six members of the President's Commission—two *Southern* Democrats and three Republicans—proposed a new, expeditious administrative remedy. They recommended that, wherever the presence of racial discrimination had been established, the President would name federal officers empowered to register all qualified Negroes to vote. Federal registrars, the Commission said, would apply state qualification tests, but they would do so in a proceeding no more complicated than ordinary state registration procedures.

The Commission's scheme was far from perfect, but every effort to improve it failed. What emerged from Congress bore little resemblance to the new principle urged by the Commission. Instead, Congress piled a clumsy superstructure on top of the already inadequate judicial remedy created by the 1957 law. Before a constitutionally qualified voter who has been rejected can register under the new law, he must hurdle five formidable obstacles:

One—There must be a successful law suit by the Attorney General under the 1957 Civil Rights Act.

Two—Proof must be provided in court that a "pattern or practice" of discrimination exists.

Three—Negro applicants must attempt to register with the very state officials legally adjudged guilty of discrimination.

Four—Proof must be presented before a court-appointed referee that the applicant has been denied registration and is qualified to vote.

Five—The applicant must again provide proof, this time before the court, if the state objects to the referee's findings. At each stage, the proceedings are subject to appeal and delay.

It was the establishment of this elaborate network of legal obstacles that led the NAACP to predict that the new act may make it even more difficult for Negroes to vote. It was the rejection of provisions to encourage and speed integration that led Senator Pat McNamara to conclude that the greatly diluted measure "will wash right out of this chamber and hardly be noticed in the mainstream of American life."

What happened? Who killed civil rights?

There is blame enough to go around. The Southern lawmakers, of course, contributed materially to crushing the hope for adequate legislation. Ably led and tightly disciplined, they were quick to exploit every doubt, division, and weakness in the opposition camp. But they were a small minority—in the Senate, only eighteen of one hundred members. They would have been powerless to do more than delay in the face of a firmly dedicated majority. But there was no unity and no commitment on the part of the majority.

The press, for instance, gave great prominence to the so-called filibuster, but in fact there was no genuine filibuster. Two ingredients are necessary for a filibuster—a majority determined to reach speedy decision by compelling a vote, and a minority equally determined to thwart the will of the majority. The first of these elements was lacking in the civil rights struggle this year.

Both parties share responsibility for the failure to mobilize a militant majority. Both parties, with a few distinguished exceptions in each camp, surrendered to the South with only token resistance.

The Eisenhower Administration wobbled first. The program it submitted to Congress lacked the one provision deemed most important by supporters of civil rights—enforcement authority to speed the process of integration of schools and other public facilities. In the area of voting rights, in which it had promised bold reform, the Administration shied away from the trail-blazing registrar proposal advanced by its own Civil Rights Commission.

For more than four months after the Commission's plan had been made public, the White House and the Department of Justice had not a word to say. The President broke his silence in January by suggesting that the registrar plan might be unconstitutional. Two weeks later, Attorney General William P. Rogers criticized the plan, but did not seem to share the President's constitutional doubts. His answer, however, was not to remedy the inadequacies of the Commission scheme, but to create an entirely new and complicated system wholly dependent on the courts for both administration and enforcement. The heart of the Commission idea—a speedy administrative remedy no more complicated than ordinary state registration procedure—was scrapped altogether.

Republican leaders in Congress reflected the apathy of the Administration. Vice President Richard M. Nixon sat sphinx-like in the Senate and outside. When civil rights supporters appealed to him to use his influence on Republican legislators, he smiled, uttered encouraging words, made no commitments, and did nothing. As Republican floor leader, Senator Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois presided with mock solemnity over the dismemberment of the bill which bore his name. He hated to surrender so much, he seemed to say, but it was important to pass something.

The performance of the non-Southern Democrats was hardly more impressive. The liberal landslide of 1958 had heightened the hope for adequate civil rights legislation, but when the showdown came, most of the Senators and Representatives newly elected under the liberal label behaved and voted in much the same way as did their conservative colleagues.

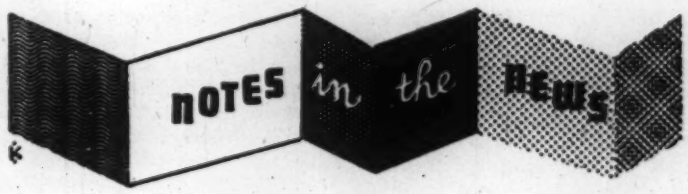
Their guiding leader and philosopher was Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas, who prefers, for political reasons, to be regarded as a Westerner rather than a Southerner. An undeclared candidate for President, Johnson seemed to break with his Southern colleagues when he forced Senate consideration of civil rights legislation

early enough in the session to assure action. From then on, however, he maneuvered adroitly to achieve the meaningless "moderation" that was the heart of the measure that ultimately passed both houses. When it was all over, an analysis of Johnson's votes on the many roll calls during the ten weeks the Senate considered civil rights was circulated among Southern Senators. It showed that on issues vital to the Southern racists, Johnson's decisive voice and vote were with them eighty per cent of the time.

In the House of Representatives, another Texan, Speaker Sam Rayburn, played much the same game, which surprised no one. What did shock supporters of civil rights was the curious conduct of avowed liberals, with the exception of a few young Representatives like James O'Hara of Michigan and Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin. For example, Representative Emanuel Celler of New York, chairman of the powerful Judiciary Committee, has long had a well-deserved reputation as a militant advocate of civil rights, but this time he displayed what Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., noted Washington civil liberties lawyer, called a "disposition to compromise even before the fight had begun."

Perhaps the most extraordinary aspect of the entire performance was the complete detachment of Congress and the Administration from the human situation with which it was dealing. All through the South an heroic and historic movement of Negro students was demanding an end to second-class citizenship during the very weeks that Congress was debating the civil rights issue, but both houses seemed to have been sound-proofed against the rising cry for equality.

Time and events, we are confident, will compel them to listen. We are not much given to prophecy, but we are in a mood to predict that the surrender of the Congressional majority to the Southern racists marks the beginning of the end of a dark chapter in American history; ten years from now, when historians look back to this spring of racial conflict, they will record the Civil Rights Act of 1960 as the last futile stand of the segregationists against the irrepressible march toward integration represented by the student sit-ins in the South.



Cops and Commissioners

Suppose you lived in a small community and came across this news story in your evening paper:

"Police Chief D. D. Eisenhower today announced he had fired Patrolman William R. Connole, who has served in the police department for five years.

"The chief's action followed two court decisions which severely criticized the other four patrolmen on the force for failing to protect the public, and praised Connole for enforcing the law and guarding the public interest.

"Asked why he had fired Connole, the chief replied: 'I think I can get a better man, that's all.' "

This is almost precisely what happened recently on a far greater scale. President Eisenhower refused to reappoint William R. Connole to the Federal Power Commission although the latter had become widely and accurately known as the only champion of the consuming public on the five-member Commission.

Twice, for example, the Commission voted four to one against protecting consumers through the regulation of natural gas prices. On both occasions, the United States Supreme Court rebuked the majority in scathing terms and upheld Connole's insistence on consumer protection.

Powerful utility interests launched a campaign to get rid of Connole. The trade publication *Petroleum Week* revealed, weeks before the President's decision to replace Connole was disclosed, that gas industry officials were out to "get" him because he had established himself as the spokesman for "consumer interests" and was in favor of "stringent regulation." *Electrical World*, another trade publication, reported unusual pressure on the President to replace Connole, and added: "It remains to be seen whether business interests can do to the politicians what they're not supposed to be able to do to the FPC itself."

The answer was not long in coming. President Eisenhower replaced Connole with a former FBI agent with no experience in the field of power regulation. At the very moment that the Federal Power Commission was under unprecedented fire for its neglect of the public interest, and its knuckling under to the natural gas interests, the President dropped the one member who had dared stand against the industry in behalf of the consumer.

The power to appoint is the power to destroy. Several years ago we warned in these columns that rather than risk defeat in a head-on attack on regulatory *legislation*, President Eisenhower might try to achieve the same results by the backdoor method of appointing commissioners who do not believe in the public-interest objectives of the regulatory agencies. This gloomy prediction has been confirmed on a number of occasions, most recently in the case of the scandal-scarred Federal Power Commission.

Nixon's Dilemma

To be a conservative, or to be a liberal in 1960—that is the question that haunts Vice President Richard M. Nixon as he gropes for a winning campaign strategy.

The friendly *Wall Street Journal* takes us behind the scenes to show us a Vice President tormented, not by a soul-searching quest for principles and proposals to reflect and meet the needs of our time, but by the feverish pursuit of a formula that will produce the votes. One group of advisers, the *Journal* tells us, is exerting great pressure for him to "present himself as a liberal" in an effort to woo the all-important independent vote from the Democrats. The other group, we are told,

assures him that a "large but latent conservative vote, if he mobilizes it, will carry him to victory."

Which role will Nixon choose? For those who find the suspense unbearable we hasten to provide a measure of relief by suggesting the obvious answer: both. This is not quite so snide as it might sound, for Nixon has now identified himself as a "progressive conservative." Speaking to the American Society of Newspaper Editors last month, the Vice President seemed to give his heart to the Right by avowing, "I believe in economic conservatism," but then, in the same sentence, he seemed to hold out a hand to the Left by insisting that "conservatism at its best must be progressive."

As a progressive, Nixon emphasized the need to "look at these great social and economic problems with which we are confronted." As a conservative, he came out boldly against "the phony schemes and panaceas" designed to meet these problems. As a progressive, he talked of the necessity to "produce for the future." As a conservative, he warned that it was vital to "preserve the best from the past." All this appeared in the same paragraph, the last sentence of which was: "This is where I stand."

In one area of public policy the Vice President has not hesitated to identify himself. "I am a liberal in foreign policy," he said in a California speech. To prove his point, the Vice President heaped warm words on former President Harry Truman's "real leadership" in foreign affairs. But it was not Truman's association with the Marshall Plan or Point Four that Nixon singled out for praise in nailing down his liberalism; the former President, Nixon said, has shown "real leadership" in deciding to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Still aglow with the heady wine of liberalism, the Vice President acclaimed Truman's "unflinching determination" to involve the United States in war in Korea as "another conspicuous act of statesmanship." This represented a remarkable reversal, for Nixon had been the Republican hatchetman during three campaigns in denouncing Truman's "wrong policies, which had resulted in a war in Korea that cost us 140,000 American boys as casualties."

It will be fascinating to watch and hear Nixon in the months just ahead. He has a wardrobe full of costumes, and whether he runs as a conservative or progressive or conservative-progressive or progressive-conservative, he can hope to win only if he finally comes to mean something to voters other than the conservative Republicans who know him for one of their own but are numerically incapable of electing him. This will be no easy task, for as the *Wall Street Journal* observed with regret, "Many folks who like Ike say firmly, in varying words, 'There's just something about Nixon I don't like.'"

The Ugly Un-American

In 1945, when there were 64,600 known Communists in the United States, the House of Representatives' Committee on Un-American Activities received an appropriation of $50,000 for its year's work. This year, with membership in the Communist Party reduced to about 5,000—but not through the Committee's efforts—an almost empty House slipped through an appropriation of $327,000 for the Un-American Committee—more than the important Ways and Means, Armed Services, Education and Labor, Agriculture, or Judiciary Committees. Yet this most distrusted but most feared of all Congressional committees may be approaching the end of its clamorous and destructive life.

Representative James Roosevelt of California rose in the House recently and demanded the abolition of the Committee, which he described as "an agency for the destruction of human dignity and constitutional rights . . . a degrading spectacle . . . sanctimoniously cruel." It was an important, hour-long speech, packed with documentation of the Committee's ruthless tactics and outrageous violations of common decency. It is no credit to his fellow Representatives that no more than a dozen were on hand at any one time to hear him, nor to the press, which virtually ignored Roosevelt's unprecedented attack.

But only a few days earlier, spunky Representative Edith Green of Oregon and eighteen other House members had filled thirty-six pages of the *Congressional Record* with a documented defense of the National Council of Churches, the most recent of a long line of organizations and individuals subjected to abusive attack by the Committee.

The still small but steadily rising tide of opposition to Chairman Francis E. Walter's Committee comes after a year of particularly vicious forays by the Committee into Puerto Rico, where it inflamed the entire island with irresponsible charges and unsupported accusations, and into California, where it all but wrecked the professional careers of more than one hundred teachers and then fled the state.

As the Committee's destructiveness has become increasingly obvious, even to its friends, its voice has become more shrill and its charges more ridiculous. The California fiasco and the boomeranging of its attack on the National Council of Churches may have been the turning point in the Committee's contemptible career. New York author Walter Millis, in backing an American Civil Liberties Union resolution that the Committee be abolished, said ironically that its job was done because "it has run out of victims."

Representative Roosevelt placed the responsibility for the life and death of the Un-American Committee squarely on the House.

"It is," he charged, "a monstrous thing that we have created such an institution and lent it our powers and prestige. But we can also end this terrible agency and take back our powers. . . . We have no mandate to abuse the rights and feelings of our citizens . . . I urge my colleagues to speak [of the Committee] when they return to their constituencies this summer . . . I think we [will] find wide support for the abolition of this thoroughly bad institution."

It would be a serious mistake to underestimate the deeply entrenched power of the Un-American Committee and its chairman, Representative Walter. But the small scale revolt now in progress represents the brightest hope in two decades that the Committee's tenure is something less than permanent.

Victory for Whom?

As the result of one of the "victories" of the House Un-American Activities Committee, a brilliant mathematics scholar whose contributions

in his field are described by his employer as irreplaceable, has been placed behind bars for six months. In 1954, Dr. Chandler Davis, thirty-three-year-old associate editor of the *American Mathematical Review*, refused under the First Amendment to answer the Committee's questions about his political beliefs or his authorship of a pamphlet critical of the Committee. He was fired from his post as instructor at the University of Michigan for lack of "candor" and cited for contempt of Congress. His appeal failed, and Dr. Davis is now tending tomatoes at the federal prison at Danbury, Connecticut.

A gifted linguist, Davis' work consisted largely of translating and interpreting articles in journals of higher mathematics published abroad, particularly in Russia. With Davis safely isolated from his job and American scientists in many fields effectively deprived of his unique and vital services, the Un-American Committee has again illustrated the dangerous absurdity of its reckless crusade.

The Danger of Civil Defense

Ever since its inception a decade or so ago, the nation's civil defense program has been received by the public, its political leaders, and the press with ambivalence. The public, on the whole, has greeted the senselessly shifting civil defense plans with a mixture of apathy, skepticism, and scorn. Politicians and the press have shown no great enthusiasm for civil defense, but, with few exceptions, they have approached the program with the uncritical deference and respect generally accorded useless but untouchable sacred cows.

In recent weeks, however, responsible leaders in high office have begun to recognize and expose their sacred cow for the monumental billion dollar white elephant that it is and always has been. More important, there is a growing realization that civil defense is not only a waste of talent and money, but a positive evil. Governor Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey, in a powerful denunciation of the underground shelter program printed elsewhere in this issue, has called the plan "a cruel deception on the American people." Senator Stephen M. Young of Ohio called for the abolition of the civil defense agency in a stinging speech in the Senate which went unreported in the nation's press.

Both Young and Meyner hammer home the point that the only genuine defense against atomic war is peace. The civil defense campaign to lull the American people into a false sense of security with ludicrous evacuation plans and unrealistic shelter programs actually constitutes a threat to the achievement of peace by downgrading the urgent necessity of reaching that goal.

Governor Meyner's indictment develops this crucial point in his article on page 13, while Senator Young revealed typical examples of the waste and the "half-baked, idiotic" programs promulgated by the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization.

¶ A total of $4.5 million worth of penicillin, said Young, is being destroyed because it has deteriorated in civil defense stockpiles.

¶A $700,000 traffic light system has been installed in Columbus, Ohio, to speed up evacuation. "Does any intelligent person think," asked the Senator, "that civilians fleeing an atomic attack [with fifteen minutes' warning] would watch, much less obey, traffic signals? Can any reasonable human being imagine all the automobiles in Columbus, a city of half a million people, being driven from the city at one time?"

¶ The highway from Cleveland to Lorain, Ohio, is marked for evacuation from Cleveland toward Lorain. In Lorain, civil defense authorities plan to evacuate the people of Lorain toward Cleveland—on the same road.

¶ Over the years, the civil defense planners' pendulum has swung from hiding to fleeing, and now the confusion is such that civil defense seems to be recommending building shelters and then leaving them behind by evacuating.

Almost alone among prominent political leaders, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York has thrown his full support behind a massive shelter program, perhaps in desperate awareness of the hopelessness of quickly evacuating New York City.

The public has seemed to sense instinctively from the beginning that there is no effective defense against warfare involving missiles with hydrogen warheads. But until recently there has been little leadership to focus this widespread discontent with an essentially fruitless and frequently contradictory program. Now that officials like Governor Meyner and Senator Young are speaking up, there is new hope that the program will be appraised realistically for the empty effort that it is.

Legalized Brutality

Much of the world-wide protest against the execution of Caryl Chessman was centered on the inhumanity of the twelve-year delay in carrying out the death sentence. Although the delay, of course, was the result of Chessman's own legal efforts, it was widely viewed as constituting cruel and barbarous punishment. But a doctor who looked after condemned men and women at California's San Quentin prison has concluded that in *every* instance the death penalty, by its very nature, is cruel and barbaric. Writing in *Frontier*, Dr. William F. Graves has recounted personal experiences with executions which went virtually unnoticed in the press, but which far surpass the Chessman case in sheer brutality.

¶A man on death row who had become a complete mental vegetable was removed to the prison hospital for a series of shock treatments designed to make him well enough to be executed. A second series of treatments was necessary before he could be led to the gas chamber.

¶A man near seventy, within weeks of a natural death from cancer, was operated on three times so that the state could kill him instead.

Few criminologists defend the death penalty as an effective punishment. There is no evidence that it succeeds as a deterrent to crime. But there is a good deal of evidence that it serves to obstruct justice. It is rarely administered swiftly, and it is far from equally applied—only one per cent of first degree murderers are executed in the United States. It is used far more frequently against Negroes and other racial minorities than against whites.

Dr. Graves left his post at San Quentin because he could no longer reconcile his duties to his ethics as a physician nor to his responsibilities as a member of society. Perhaps his testimony will speed the day when our social order will cease to drag itself down to the level of the killer.

'Sit down Chillun, Sit down!'

by WILMA DYKEMAN and JAMES STOKELY

Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely recently made an extensive swing through the South studying student sit-ins for The Progressive. *Both have written widely of their native South. Their book,* Neither Black Nor White, *recently received a Sidney Hillman Award for unusual excellence.*—THE EDITORS.

"'THERE IS ONE THING stronger than all the armies in the world and that is an idea whose time has come.' An idea whose time has come is sweeping the South today. It is the lunch counter protests. From Greensboro to Chattanooga, to Florida, a new young Negro leadership is asserting itself.

"It will do the South no good to bury its head in the sand and hope the trouble will go away. It will do no good to blame the newspapers for telling what happens. It will do no good to assert that 'local custom' sufficient for fifty years ago or even twenty-five years ago must prevail forever. It may not suffice even to fill up the jails.

"The idea's moral force—that colored men no longer will tolerate being served at nine counters and rejected at the tenth—cannot be denied . . . "

So spoke the influential and moderate Greensboro *Daily News* in the North Carolina city where the initial impetus for the present Negro student movement in the South began February 1. A traveler through the region today is struck by the accuracy of this assessment. And any American who is weary of what sometimes seems to be an obsessive national preoccupation with inanimate objects—the spread of chromium tail fins, the thrust of a missile—will find inspiration in discovering throughout the South a people whose obsession has become the spread of democracy, the thrust of an idea.

Old words spoken in the trite spring valedictory addresses at a thousand schools and colleges this spring suddenly have been dramatized in salutatory address to an astounded South. Some of these words are: courage and Christianity, dignity and democracy, the big unsophisticated intangibles as fragile as dreams, as firm as granite.

At 4:30 Monday afternoon, February 1, four freshmen attending the Negro Agricultural and Technical College at Greensboro, North Carolina, took seats at the lunch counter of the downtown Woolworth store. Ezell Blair and David Richmond had lived in Greensboro all their lives and experienced the lunch counter segregation "all along, with intentions of doing something about it eventually." Franklin McLain was from Washington, D.C., and Joseph McNeil, from Wilmington, N. C. Before they sat down to eat, the students had purchased one or two small articles at a nearby counter. Later, Blair gave this account of his conversation with the waitress:

BLAIR: "I'd like a cup of coffee, please."

WAITRESS: "I'm sorry. We don't serve colored here."

BLAIR: "I beg to disagree with you. You just finished serving me at a counter only two feet from here."

WAITRESS: "Negroes eat at the other end."

BLAIR: "What do you mean? This is a public place, isn't it? If it isn't, then why don't you sell membership cards? If you do that, then I'll understand that this is a private concern."

WAITRESS: "Well, you won't get any service here!"

Blair said the waitress left then and went to the other end of the counter. A Negro girl, a helper on the counter, confronted the four students: "You are stupid, ignorant! You're dumb! That's why we can't get anywhere today. You know you are supposed to eat at the other end."

The manager of the lunch counter did not talk with them then, and neither did the police who came and watched them until they left at 5:30, when the store closed.

Before two and a half months had passed, every Southern state was caught up in a wave of passive resistance to segregation, a wave of such scope and force, extending from Charleston to Houston, from Louisville to Miami, embracing imprisonment and intimidation without faltering, that many observers have come to believe it is a movement of impressive passive persistence, as well.

This initial episode was, in many ways, a microcosm of things to come—the adamant attitude of many whites, the angry fearfulness of some Negroes, confronted with change—and a refutation of future accusations that the demonstrations were initiated by "outsiders" and were a passing fad.

"Sure we've been influenced by out-

siders," a Florida student said not long ago, "outsiders like Thoreau and Gandhi. But our biggest influence has been inside—all those years of second-class citizenship stored up inside us."

Implicit also in this first sit-in were the paradoxes on which the movement is based, of people determined to wear down violence with a stronger non-violence, sit down so they can stand tall, endure prison so they can be free.

Approximately 1,500 arrests, most of them Negro students, have been made since that February day. One example is the town of Orangeburg, South Carolina. On March 15, 388 students were arrested there during a peaceful march from two Negro colleges—one state-supported, the other a Methodist institution—to the downtown area, about eight blocks away, where they intended to sing *America* and offer a public prayer for equal rights. About two blocks from the campuses they were met by the police chief and the fire department. The heaviest ammunition the Negroes were carrying were their Bibles and hymn books. The firemen held their hoses ready to blast forth a stream of water.

"The police chief asked who the leader was," one of the Negro boys related, "and twelve hundred students shouted, 'I am the leader.'

" 'Well,' the police chief said, 'I am going to arrest the leader. Step forward.' and twelve hundred students stepped forward.

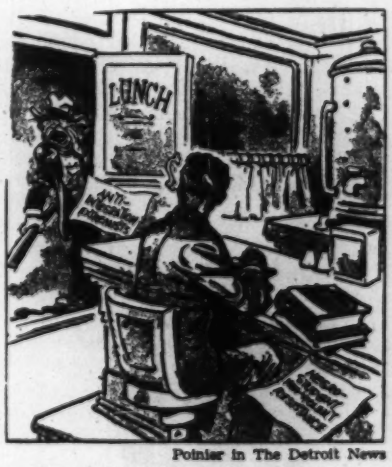
"One or two of those in front were arrested then and the police chief said, 'Get those niggers.' The fire hoses were turned on. Many of the boys and girls were knocked down, the force of the water was so strong. Some of their dresses and shirts were torn. Hats and coats were ruined. One fellow's ear began to bleed, but he stood there and took it."

Then the students began to sing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* and still moved forward. Tear gas was thrown into their midst. Still they came. Then the arrests began, so many that only a parking lot converted into a temporary stockade could hold all the prisoners. It was ten o'clock that night before the Negro community could raise sufficient bail to get the students back to their campuses, where at least forty were treated for injuries and exposure in the near-freezing drizzle of rain.

"We're being tried in groups of fifty," one of them reported a few weeks later, "and one of the state lawyers told us, 'We'll give you boys a fair trial before we find you guilty.' "

The sometimes difficult distinction between enforcement of law and suppression of protest is a matter of mounting concern to thoughtful Southerners. The Southern Regional Council, a bi-racial fact-finding organization, has pointed out that where "the heavy-handed imposition of force to suppress and punish dissent" has been evident, "the issue now is no longer between citizens, but has become a struggle between Negro citizens and state power."

Orangeburg was the site of the most massive arrests, but numerous other Southern cities have followed the same reaction: Nashville, with some 150 arrests in lunch counter and picketing conflicts where Negroes were spat upon, hit, and had cigarette butts stuffed down the backs of their shirt collars; Atlanta, eighty arrests; some forty-five in Tallahassee; about sixty-five in Memphis; more than seventy in Marshall, Texas. But there is no evidence that arrests have discouraged any prospective demonstrators, and there is much evidence that they have encouraged a strong unity among Negroes. After arrests of students in Portsmouth, Virginia, a minister said that the adult Negroes had paid little heed to sit-downs until some of the young people were arrested by the police; then adults rallied behind them in solid support.



Poinier in The Detroit News

"Come Outside and Fight Like a Gentleman"

So the demonstrations have spread and varied according to localities, but they are indicating, in the words of the Southern Regional Council, that "the South is in a time of change, the terms of which cannot be dictated by white Southerners. To react to these events with the old conditioned reflexes—indignation, reprisal, new laws, and prosecutions—is absurd. The deeper meaning of the 'sit-in' demonstrations is to show that segregation cannot be maintained in the South short of continuous coercion and the intolerable social order which would result."

The most outstanding feature of this student protest has been its effectiveness as a technique of communication. Yet one of the most frequent comments volunteered by white Southerners is, "Communication between the races has broken down." A North Carolina Negro student answers: "Most whites think communications have broken down just because they're getting a new message. We've known all along what they were thinking—now they're learning what we think. And it doesn't fit in with their pet myths."

Chief among the myths being rapidly dispelled is that of the contented Negro. The Reverend B. L. Robinson, of Petersburg, Virginia, says, "Many Southern whites have honestly believed we are satisfied with our situation, but general discontent and a desire for self-improvement have lain for years beneath a veneer of friendliness and happiness."

And a Durham, N.C., banker, John H. Wheeler, agrees: "The greatest mistake Southerners can make is to interpret silence for disinterest in desegregation."

Today both the veneer and the silence are broken, shattered by the impatience of a generation which has come to high school and college age during the six years of hope engendered by the 1954 Supreme Court decision on school desegregation.

Impatience is one of the new forces

to which both the older white and Negro leadership of the South must now adjust. It is not an easy adjustment to make because one of the things the white Southerner has always felt he understood most and praised loudest was the Negro's patience. One young Negro summarized the issue when he said, "We're living in a jet age and we're tired of moving at an ox-cart pace."

Seen in this context, it was inevitable that the student protests should have started and reached greatest momentum in states like North Carolina and cities such as Nashville, where race relations are better than average. The outcry of white citizens in these places has revealed their basic lack of understanding of the issues and impulses involved: "Why do they do this to *us*? We've taken a half-dozen of them into the schools, we've integrated some of our city facilities, we're doing so much better than many places. . . "

But it is precisely this situation that makes "token integration" unrealistic. As any crumb of bread strengthens a starving man so that he may seek the whole loaf, so any fragment of democracy increases a man's hunger for total participation.

Martin Luther King, Jr., said in an Easter talk to some of the student leaders in Raleigh, North Carolina, "Token integration was all right when it was undertaken in good faith, but too often we found it smothered in the niceties of complexities and evasion of the law."

Another important aspect of the student protest is that it is elevating the whole debate of Negro rights from the legal to the moral level. In the new movement, lawyers are conspicuously less prominent than ministers. And this is significant because both white and Negro Southerners have remained closer to the formalities of religion than have residents of any other region. By turning to the church as well as the courtroom, the struggle for equality suddenly includes the whole Negro community and can also sensitize the white consciousness and conscience.

Perhaps this development, and some of its portent, can be best indicated by several comments from widely separate sources.

¶ A white reporter in Tennessee: "The NAACP has now become the conservative force in the Negro community. They know that their recent gains have proceeded from the fact that they've had the power of Big Daddy, the federal government, to back them up in their demands and they want to carry out these demonstrations at the legally defensible level. But many of the students don't care about this. They want their rights and they want them now, and going to jail is no longer a disgrace but a badge of honor."

¶ Thurgood Marshall, in Charlotte, N.C.: "The young people are impatient with the slowness of court action in furthering equality. And if you mean, are the young people impatient with me, the answer is yes."

¶ Albert Brinson, a student at Morehouse College in Atlanta: "The Supreme Court can free us physically but only we can free ourselves mentally and spiritually. We have to do this and we're determined. Nothing can stop us."

¶ Len Holt, energetic field secretary for the Congress of Racial Equality, (CORE): "We've come to the issue of legalism versus moralism. There was a period from the early Thirties to the late Fifties when almost all the emphasis was on getting test cases, then going to the Supreme Court. The meaning of the Montgomery bus boycott experience, however, was not the Supreme Court decision that resulted, but the fact that 50,000 people walked, walked together. Legal cases can only be brought by one or two, take years, and cost a great deal of money. These sit-downs can involve everyone, right now, and cost nothing. We are stressing morals, not money. Students are close to the ideals—we are not dealing in expediencies. In short, we might say, 'Lawyers stand aside—freedom ahead!' "

Few of the leaders are as dogmatic as this, but most would agree with Nashville's Reverend C. T. Vivian: "We want to speak to the moral issue, not to the old cold legal concept."

A white Southerner phrased the idea in a slightly different way: "Most of us can't talk about the case of so-and-so versus so-and-so, and the federal appellate court decision in an Alexandria, Virginia, restaurant case. That's not the level at which most of us live. We've got to talk about this in down-to-earth moral terms."

The religious motivation and implementation of this new movement lend it force and unity—and passion. From the depths of bondage Negro slaves gave America the spirituals; now their descendants are singing those same songs with a faith strengthened by self-confidence, with a sorrow more universal than personal and not unrelieved by joyous boldness.

On a soft spring night, a room full of young Negro students gathers to discuss the strategy of their sit-ins and poster-walks (picketing) and selective buying (boycotts). They stand and sing together, *"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of of the Lord. He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored."* This hymn is not often heard in white Southern gatherings—but now the music swells out in a mighty chorus and spills into the darkness outside. There is a feeling of subdued, realistic glory here. These young men and women have sung the same words in the face of angry mobs and policemen on horseback, in front of fire hoses and tear gas bombs and ill-concealed baseball bats. They have sung it in prison. It is not mere sentimentality that stirs inside a white listener as he hears the rich voices raised in a praise that is also a promise.

In Virginia a more recent lyric has combined both the old qualities of the spiritual and the new message of non-violence. Its first verse:

"Sit down Chillun—sit down!
In every Jim Crow state and town.
Bear your cross and wear your crown,
Sit down Chillun, sit down!"

It has been said that the South gave the Negro his greatest weapon—

Christianity—and he's using it for all it's worth. One man who is pushing that use is thirty-one-year-old Reverend James Lawson, a student of Gandhi's passive resistance, who lived in India from 1953 to 1956. He was one of the first Negroes admitted to Vanderbilt University's Divinity School and became the hero of Nash-

ville's students when he was expelled from Vanderbilt for his part in student demonstrations.

"Racism is not a legal or sociological issue," Lawson says, "but a moral one. Our country has not really faced this, ever. Since the founding of the colonies we have tried to escape this issue." He admits progress. Physical lynching, for instance, has been almost totally abolished. "But the lynching of personhood remains, the stripping of individualism."

Non-violence, he believes, convicts all of sin, but likewise is an appeal to the conscience of all. "We cannot hate. We cannot even be just for integration. We have to work for something larger: reconciliation."

The method of non-violence is difficult and calls for a rugged discipline. (It will be ironic indeed if the region which has the highest rate and reputation for violence—due partly to the frustrations and aggressions of an unequally treated minority—should develop a significant non-violent approach to its major problem.) There are many friends, both black and white, who wonder if the complex understanding and stern self-control required by non-violence can be maintained by the students who have thus far met the challenge stoutly.

College students in Nashville drew up a code of conduct to govern their sit-ins:

"Don't strike back or curse if abused.
Don't laugh out.
Don't hold conversations with floor workers.
Don't block entrances to the stores and aisles.
Show yourself courteous and friendly at all times.
Sit straight and always face the counter.
Remember love and non-violence.
May God bless each of you."

Even more impressive than this code has been the system of workshops conducted for some of the students who plan sit-in demonstrations. In a strange but effective training, young Negro men and women unlearn all the manners customary in civilized society. They budge and shove, humiliate and intimidate each other, testing the strength of their endurance for future ordeals. They call each other "coon" and "nigger" with a harshness and frequency that belies how deeply such terms have wounded them in the past. They spit in each other's face.

"I couldn't stand it for a white man to strike me," one student confesses, and the workshop leader advises him to stay home and participate in the cause in some other way.

"If you can't take it," an Alabama student says, "if you're so weak you've got to fight, find another movement. This is not for you."

The theme of several of these workshops has been "the redemptive power of unmerited suffering." Against the dignity and determination of people who can confront suffering without flinching, the paucity of imagination and courage in the methods of some of their white opposition stands stripped and barren.

The flaming crosses of the Ku Klux Klan blaze across the South again. Do they frighten the students? "Maybe they scare some of the white people who would like to speak up for us," one young Negro said.

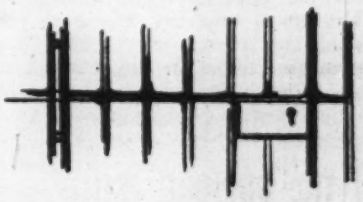
What of the threat of imprisonment? Charles Steele, of Tallahassee, spoke recently about the students in that city who chose to go to jail rather than permit their elders to pay fines for them. They were sentenced to sixty days. "They're in high spirits," Steele reported. "The ministers who go to the prison to visit them each day come out cheered and lifted."

Roy Wilkins, NAACP executive secretary, summed up the thinking of these young Negroes—that old coercions fail in the face of new communications—when he said, not long ago, in Texas: "It doesn't matter how many police they bring in, or how many fines are levied, or how many different charges are sworn to, or how many laws they pass overnight. When a whole generation of young people decides a thing is wrong, then it's dead. The white people can go on pretending if they choose to do so, can be 'tough' or not as they please. It will not affect the final outcome, which is that segregation in public places must go."

Despite the fact that many white people insist the demonstrations are fostered by a few ringleaders in Negro colleges, it appears more certain every day that "a whole generation" has decided segregation must go. As one enlightened white business leader confessed, "Now we're dealing with the so-called 'new Negro.' I don't know, he may have been there all the time if we'd only stopped to see him—or listen to him."

The new Negro is educated. Bernard Lee, expelled from Alabama State College for Negroes for taking part in a sit-in, says, "My grandfather had only prayer to help him. I have prayer and education. We have been educated until we cannot adjust to the Southern way of life."

The new young Negro knows the



meaning of a desegregated army. One of the placards carried during a South Carolina demonstration said: "MY GRANDFATHER FOUGHT IN WORLD WAR I, MY FATHER FOUGHT IN WORLD WAR II, I'M WILLING TO FIGHT IN WORLD WAR III—BUT WE WANT EQUAL RIGHTS."

The new Negro, like the young white Southerner, is a more urbane person than his grandfather or father, less restrained by the old rural dependencies and fears. Closely allied to this is the fact that he has had a slow but steady improvement of his economic situation.

Ezell Blair, Jr., one of the Negroes

in the initial Greensboro sit-in, told a reporter, "As new Negroes, we can speak up loudly now and without fear of economic reprisals. As college students, we have no jobs from which to be fired by people who don't like to see us assert ourselves. You see, what we call the old Negro always had to comply with everything in the South because of his economic status."

The new Negro has also developed, or is developing, a new leadership. The Reverend Douglas Moore, a Methodist pastor from Durham, N.C., said recently, "For this movement to have meaning two things had to happen: first, a church with a wide mass base had to move and, second, students who could be controlled by neither the white power structure nor the black power structure had to move."

John Mack spoke of this sudden shift in leadership. "We know that whenever anything happens in the Negro community, the white leaders call certain Negro leaders. 'What's going on down there?' they ask. Well, they called this time in Atlanta, after our demonstration, and the old leaders couldn't tell them. It was that way in many cities."

A white minister present at negotiations between store executives and student protesters in one large city, said, "There was a poignant moment at that meeting. The man speaking for the store managers accused the Negroes of breaking their truce. 'We made no truce,' they said. 'Those men you called in didn't speak for us.' The chairman and all the other white men were astonished. They looked at each other. 'If we're not dealing with leaders we can somewhat control,' they seemed to say, 'with whom are we dealing?' "

Despite the fact that a new young leadership is exerting itself, the movement up to now has been to all appearances completely democratic. No single individual or central clique has, or probably could have, called forth the individual commitments and group activities that have taken place throughout the Southern states. The movement also seems to be responsible, perhaps because it has been generated by a new sense of purpose in life. One student in Georgia said, "We may have been apathetic about many things but not about this. Even some of us were surprised by the real feeling that surged up once these demonstrations had begun."

This sense of purpose and responsibility might surprise those who call the sit-ins only a passing fad. For instance, Rodney Powell, a perceptive student at Nashville's Fisk University, asked other Southern student leaders recently, "How can the ruffian fringes in both races be held to the purposes and methods of non-violence?"

Such questions have undoubtedly led to the minute planning and the groomed dress which have characterized the sit-ins. The effectiveness of the message put over by their appearance was attested by an editorial in the Richmond *News Leader*, certainly no proponent of integration:

"Many a Virginian must have felt a tinge of wry regret at the state of things as they are, in reading of Saturday's 'sitdowns' by Negro students in Richmond stores. Here were the colored students, in coats, white shirts, ties, and one of them was reading Goethe and one was taking notes from a biology text. And here, on the sidewalk outside, was a gang of white boys come to heckle, a ragtail rabble, slack-jawed, black-jacketed, grinning fit to kill, and some of them, God save the mark, were waving the proud and honored flag of the Southern states in the last war fought by gentlemen. It gives one pause."

One significant thing the Negro students have kept throughout their difficulties is a sense of humor. Those who have jeopardized their own chances for graduation from college now speak of themselves as "Graduates of the Richmond jails" or "Holders of the local Sheriff's degree —the third degree, that is."

"Where will it all end?" some of the white Southerners ask in anxious perplexity. And one of them, a young white woman, replies, "If we'd only look in our own hearts we'd know. 'It' will all end when segregation and injustice and hypocrisy have ended. I believe the ones who ask really know the answer, but they can't bring themselves to accept it yet."

There is every indication that the young Negroes will keep pressing for an answer. When the hamburger is finally served, there will remain other closed doors. Perhaps white people heretofore have hardly realized that certain of these doors were closed to Negroes. Spreading out from the lunch counter sit-ins, some of these attacks have already begun: on public libraries, public parks, a municipal museum, an art gallery. In a full page advertisement in *The Atlanta Constitution*, six students from colleges in that city set forth some of the areas of inequality which would have to be changed before "it would all end": in education, jobs, housing, voting, hospitals, movies and restaurants, and law enforcement.

In Marshall, Texas, during sit-in demonstrations, attack-trained German shepherd dogs were brought into town. In Houston, where the initials KKK were carved into the flesh of a Negro's chest and stomach, Negro leaders agreed it was an effort to frighten off further sit-ins. These crude efforts at intimidation have been no more successful than more sophisticated attempts to show that Communists are the real force inspiring the sit-ins. When former President Harry S. Truman said, on April 18, "I think this is being engineered by the Communists," most Negroes were dismayed.

"We had seen the Georgia governor's opinion that the Atlanta students' straightforward ad was a left-wing statement that 'did not read like it was written in this country,' " one of their adult leaders said, "but we had expected better of Truman. It's not Karl Marx and Khrushchev inspiring these students, but Jim Crow and Jesus Christ."

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by MARTIN LUTHER KING

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Even the city attorney of Montgomery, Alabama, who believes that "agitators" have stirred up this "uprising," has publicly stated, "Some say Communists are behind the whole thing. I have looked into this, but I can't say that Communists inspired it."

Perhaps some of the Negro parents, who were at first doubtful and fearful about their children's participation in these protests, now understand better than most Southerners what has "inspired" them. Marvin Robinson says that when he was expelled from the state-supported Southern University in Louisiana, the administrators sent his parents tickets to come to Baton Rouge, explaining that he had become mentally disturbed. But they did not come. They understood Marvin's "disturbance." And when a white student told one Negro mother how much she admired her daughter who had just been sent to jail, the mother replied, "She's making history."

White students from various colleges, North and South, have joined in the protest demonstrations. Perhaps they are a portent of things to come. White Southern leadership must realize that the whirlwinds of change blowing across Africa today are generated by those same impulses that stir the lesser winds of change in our own country.

"The most disturbing aspect of this movement," a white divinity school professor at a Southern university says, "is the fact that white leaders may so completely misread the situation that they refuse to deal with these students who are committed to passive resistance, and then they'll leave the way open for real extremists. The students are unskilled in negotiating, they're often unsophisticated in their handling of the local situations, but they have a power that's wonderful—and terrifying."

As we see the spectacle of South Africa torn in revolution by racial conflict, isolated from the rest of the civilized world by its system of apartheid, perhaps it would be well, in this time, if the white supremacist South returned to some spirituals. Perhaps the one that says:

"Look down, look down, that lonesome road
Before you travel on."

The Cruel Deception of Civilian Defense

by ROBERT B. MEYNER

ONE OF THE QUESTIONS frequently put to me has to do with steps I ought to take now in our state to protect our people in event of war. I am asked, for example, whether I will go before the state legislature with a plan to build a vast system of underground shelters, or recommend that individuals start digging deep cellars of their own.

If we were living in 1939 or even in 1914, my answer would be easy. I would start all the machinery turning in New Jersey as fast as I could to guard against attack from the air. I would most certainly recommend underground shelters.

But we are not living in 1914 or 1939. This is 1960, the age of nuclear weapons and radioactive contamination. And the more you study the nature of these new weapons, the more you realize that going underground is no answer. Suppose we take my own city of Newark, for example. It is a fair-sized American city, one large enough and important enough to invite enemy attack.

Now, if I could be sure that an enemy would plan to drop a bomb of the size that was exploded over Hiroshima, I would recommend building an effective system of underground shelters. But the Hiroshima bomb was a kiloton bomb. That is, it had a destructive force measured in terms of thousands of tons of TNT. The bombs that will be used against cities in the next war will not be kiloton bombs but megaton bombs. They will contain the equivalent of millions of tons of TNT.

It would be unrealistic to assume that these bombs will not be used in the event of war.

The basic purpose in modern warfare is to kill an entire city. Today, one 20-megaton bomb contains more destructive power than all the bombs that were exploded in World War II.

If a city like San Francisco or Newark were to be hit by a few megaton nuclear bombs, everything in the civilian defense handbook would go out the window.

The area of total or near-total destruction from each megaton blast would be upward of twenty square miles. Most of the underground shelters in the area would be sealed in under a mountain of radioactive rubble. But equally devastating would be the fire, spreading out from the center with jet plane speed in all directions.

Meanwhile, a canopy of radioactivity from these high fission-fusion blasts would contaminate an area covering hundreds of square miles. The problem would be intensified because the dirt and the rubble would carry the kind of radioactivity that would retain its killing power not for hours but for months, and, in some cases, for years.

Now, let us suppose that people could come up out of the shelters. What kind of world would they come up to? What would they use for air? What would they use for food? What would they use for hospitals? What would they use for streets? What would they use for people?

Remember this: any enemy bent on killing a city is not going to allow a puny instrument like an underground shelter to slow him up. All he has to do is pick out of his nuclear rack a few bombs with a high megaton rating and dispatch three or four of

ROBERT B. MEYNER is the Governor of New Jersey.

them—or maybe even ten or twenty for the extra large cities.

That is why I say we are fostering a cruel deception on the American people if we try to persuade them that they can have civilian defense through underground shelters in the next war.

I defy anyone to demonstrate that he can provide genuine or even reasonable protection through such shelters. And the reason he can't is that he doesn't know whether he is going to be hit with one bomb or five or six or sixteen—or even whether it will be kilotons or megatons.

I believe I can best serve the people of my state by making clear to them that there is one and only one defense against a nuclear war—and that is peace. Either we create a situation of safety, security, and sanity for the human race in this world, or we destroy the precarious conditions that make life on this planet possible.

Instead of spending the $150 billion or $200 billion that would be required for a national network of underground shelters, let us put just a fraction of that money and work into a massive effort to make our world safe for human habitation—while there is yet time.

We ought now to be talking about building 200 million pre-fabricated homes for the homeless people of Asia and Africa—instead of bemusing ourselves with the cruel nonsense about underground shelters.

We ought to be forging links with other peoples instead of forging iron doors to deep cellars. Our ties to other peoples—the good will we can earn, the support we can justify for world leadership—these will contribute far more to our safety and peace of mind than the holes we can jump into when it is too late.

If we are serious when we say we want peace, then there is only one way to get it. And that is by creating in the world an organization strong enough to prevent aggression, strong enough to carry out effective arms control, strong enough to deal with basic threats to the peace, strong enough to eliminate some of the tensions, strong enough to punish individual violators—strong enough, in short, to create a rule of law in the world instead of the rule of force.

The President has said he believes in world law. But I have not heard anyone in the Administration propose the specific strengthening measures necessary to give the United Nations the effective power that world law requires. I have not heard anyone in the Administration propose the kind of revision conference that has as its aim the transformation of the United Nations into an authority that could create a situation of safety and sanity for the world's peoples.

From time to time, I hear it said that there are no major issues in 1960. What do people mean when they say there are no major issues? We have the biggest issue in the world to think about. That issue is peace. It can only be peace—real peace, that is.

By real peace, I mean not just a brief siesta between crisis and calamity. I mean a peace that sticks and a peace that works. Such a peace requires more than special deals, over or under the table. It is the kind of peace that must make sense to the human spirit and the human intelligence.

One of the main weaknesses in the present approach to peace is that both the Americans and the Russians are giving the world the impression that war or peace is their own private business, and that our own interests are the only ones that count. The majority of the humans on this planet happen not to live in either the United States or the Soviet Union. What we do concerns them. Yet we debate issues as though no one else in the world existed.

The cause of human life on earth has never been more precarious or fragile than it is at this moment. Within a year—two years at the latest—the existence of man will be staked on a board of pushbuttons. The means are now at hand for eliminating life several times over. Soon these means will be fitted into the special delivery systems. The United States and the Soviet Union will be some thirteen minutes apart on the route of the ICBMs.

Only the other day, we heard prominent military men argue that the security of the United States depended on having constantly in the air several hundred jet bombers fully loaded with nuclear bombs. What is the step beyond that? It takes no particular feat of the imagination to recognize that the next argument will be to drop the bombs on the other fellow before he drops them on us.

If we really want security in today's world, there is only one way to get it. And that is to make sure that no one has the means of annihilating anyone else. This brings us to the question of arms control. I contend that our safety today depends on the workable control of force rather than the pursuit of force. But is workable control possible?

There is only one way to find out. That is by declaring it to be the fundamental objective of our foreign policy—and not only to say it but mean it. President Eisenhower has said it, or has come close to saying it, but does his own Administration believe it or mean it? Does the Atomic Energy Commission believe it?

It is going to be difficult enough to get the Russians to agree on arms control with inspection and enforcement, but if our own government is ambling all over the place on the issue, what hope is there?

Premier Khrushchev has finally said that the Soviet Union would be willing to accept inspection and enforcement as part of a comprehensive plan for arms control. But he hasn't said what he means by this; he hasn't said what he means by inspection; he hasn't said what he means by enforcement.

The reason Khrushchev wants peace is clear. He doesn't think suicide in a nuclear war is the proper vehicle for advancing the cause of Communism. I think it is equally true that democracy cannot flourish through suicide.

But if there is not to be mutual suicide, we have to figure out a structure for peace that really works. Khrushchev says he is serious about agreeing to arms control with inspection. Let's find out whether he really means business.

Let's test the Russians instead of testing the bombs. Now that the door has been partially opened we ought to be pressing against it with all the weight we can command. We ought to keep after Khrushchev and not let

up until the world has had the fullest possible airing of just what he means by inspection and enforcement, and just what it is that we propose. In short, it is our turn to speak.

The question of control, quite literally, is a matter of life or death for our nation. This is the direction we have to take if our foreign policy is to work. This must be our thrust if we are to serve the cause of a just peace without freedom.

Yet this is precisely the time that the Administration chooses to talk about spreading nuclear weapons around to other nations. There is no point in negotiating over disarmament once the nuclear stockpiles become general.

When we created these cataclysmic weapons, we justified our policy by saying we were in a position to control them. What do we say now?

The President says that we will give them only to our friends. But the long history of nations shows that friends change. And even the best of friends sometimes disagree. How will it advance the cause of American security to increase the number of fuse points for a world nuclear explosion?

Here again some say there are no real issues. Of course there is a real issue. The issue is whether we understand what our age is all about, whether we have a view of man and human destiny, whether we can use human intelligence and the human spirit in the cause of a world made safe for people.

In short, the issue is whether we are equal to the needs of our civilization, and whether we can stand before the human community with the ideas that are literally large enough to embrace the world. If either party fails to make sense on this issue, it makes no sense on any issues.

There are two kinds of preparedness. One is the kind represented by the big bombs. If we are ever in a showdown on that level, God help us.

But there is also another kind of showdown looming ahead in the world—and it requires another kind of preparedness. This is the non-military showdown. It will be determined by the side that has the most to say about human freedom and the making of a better and safer tomorrow for all peoples, and by the side that can earn and keep the respect and support of the overwhelming majority of the world's peoples.

explosion IN SOUTH AFRICA

by RUTH WIDMAYER

Dr. Widmayer, an American political scientist who recently completed two years of teaching in India, arrived by chance in South Africa just as the recent riots broke out. Her eye-witness report is based on extensive travel and interviews in that unhappy land. —THE EDITORS.

Cape Town

SOUTH AFRICA, battered relentlessly by a rising tide of black revolt, is today virtually an armed camp. Everywhere there are heavily armed troops and police. Arrests are numerous. In keeping with the repressive spirit of the garrison state, any person may be arrested and detained, with or without a warrant, if his arrest is merely considered desirable in the interest of public safety. Arrest need not be followed by appearance in court. Those detained may not receive visitors and are allowed no correspondence. Moreover, it is an offense punishable by up to five years imprisonment to disclose, without written government permission, the name of anyone arrested.

These drastic measures, and many more of similar character, constitute the government's response to the explosive resistance movement launched by the African majority of South Africa. (There are about ten million Africans and three million whites.) The day-to-day developments have been widely reported in the press, but here the issue of who started the violence is still a matter of bitter controversy.

One of the lawyers defending Chief Albert Luthuli of the African National Congress told me that he was greatly concerned about the official inquiry now being conducted into the riots at Sharpeville and Langa. He argued that the government is trying desperately to suppress evidence about the real nature of what took place. Eyewitness accounts of the riots gathered by reliable and impartial sources—doctors, clergymen, and foreign and domestic newspaper men—indicate that it was not the natives who were responsible for starting the violence, as the government has charged. At both places, the natives had gone to the police station to surrender their passes and offer themselves for arrest. The police, having no place in the jails for thousands of Africans, told them they would confer with the authorities and give the people a report that evening about what should be done. Here is one of many similar accounts of what happened in the evening at Langa:

"There was a crowd of 7,000 to 8,000 people. The crowd was peaceful and orderly, and the only subject of conversation was that they were going to get an answer from the police officials. Then they started singing and praying and as they finished praying the police arrived in their vans. A senior police official said he was giving the crowd three minutes to disperse. Almost immediately, while the crowd was still standing about, the police started hitting people. Africans started to run in all directions, followed by the police who continued to hit them. Some people

found bricks and threw them back at the police. At this stage the police started shooting at close range."

There are photographs showing the police opening fire on the unarmed crowd and shooting people as they ran. These were later confiscated by the government. For a while, reporters, clergymen, and relatives were allowed to visit the wounded in the hospitals; they reported large numbers of people shot in the back.

Oblivious of the inconsistencies and absurdities of the apartheid policy, Prime Minister Hendrik E. Verwoerd and his cabinet—aptly described as "a fake giant, surrounded by real pygmies"—are convinced that the current troubles are not a sign of unrest among the majority of the Africans, but merely the work of agitators who magnify and exaggerate the grievances of the natives and demagogically goad them into resisting the whites. So long as the government is in the hands of men with such views, conditions will only become worse. Having made a false diagnosis of the malady, they are prescribing totally ineffectual and often dangerous remedies. Their solution is to arrest the agitators, ban all the political organizations of the Africans, and keep the natives docile by a massive show of force.

Fortunately—and this has not been generally reported in the rest of the world—the views of the government are not shared by a great many white South Africans. During the three weeks I have been in this country, I have yet to meet one person who is in whole-hearted agreement with the policy of apartheid. There are many differences of opinion among the European population, both in the Dutch Afrikaner group and the English. On two occasions I was astonished at the extreme hostility toward the government expressed by chance acquaintances. An English army captain in the lobby of a hotel in a small country town said he did not blame the Africans for resorting to violence, considering all the hideous outrages they have suffered for so long.

On another occasion, while waiting for a bus one afternoon in Cape Town, an African who had been drinking began talking to me. A white woman suggested that we walk to the next block to get the bus. Her first words were, "I didn't want you to get the idea that all our natives are like that fellow—he's just been drinking." She rode some distance with me and spoke of nothing except how unfairly the Africans are treated. This fine Afrikaner woman was especially concerned lest I should be taken in by the false claims of the Nationalists about the treatment of the Africans. "You may have been told that passes are really just identification cards," she said, "but they are used to brow-beat the native. If a policeman asks an African for his pass and he doesn't happen to have it on him, he can be arrested on the spot and sent to work on a farm, without even a chance to notify his family."

It is not only in casual encounters that I discovered resistance to apartheid. There are a number of organizations devoted to abolishing apartheid and which accept the African as the equal (or at least the potential equal) of the white. There are two political parties which are unalterably opposed to apartheid: the Liberal Party, in which the well-known novelist Alan Paton is an officer, and the Progressive Party, which has several brilliant young members in the national parliament.

The South African Institute of Race Relations is a non-political organization devoted to fact-finding and fact-dissemination relating to conditions of Africans and other ethnic groups. This remarkable organization has thousands of members, well-paid functionaries, a handsome new building in Johannesburg and offices in the other leading cities of the Union. It publishes scores of studies prepared by competent researchers dealing with such subjects as wages of Africans compared with whites; the conditions of life of urban Africans; the attitude of trade unions toward the non-whites; the status of civil liberties in the Union; and sociological and psychological studies of Africans. Its studies are read not only by its members and other intellectuals but by government officials, and they are given considerable publicity in the press.

In Cape Town the Institute assists Africans who run afoul of the numerous apartheid laws. The director is a vital, quick-witted, resourceful, and thoroughly dedicated woman who has the respect of the police and government officials and the confidence and trust of the Africans. She has helped hundreds of Africans to get permission to live in the urban locations.

The English press in South Africa is outspoken in its editorial criticism of the Nationalist government. The following, from the Cape Town *Argus*, is but one example of the hard-hitting criticisms frequently seen in leading South African newspapers:

> "Are we now mad enough to deserve as well as expose ourselves to destruction? Do our leaders and the mass of the white electorate truly believe that we can go back to the sham politics, apartheid and partition? That all is going to be as it was before?
>
> "We are already smugly establishing the myth that a thousand million people are wrong and we are right . . . Thus does the schizophrenic nod, grin, grimace, and blow upon his fingers or test with his thumb the point of the dagger, which later when his frenzy seizes him he will run into himself or his nearest victim. This is no . . . ironic analogy. It is a mark of schizophrenia that the sufferer begins to create a vocabulary and a 'truth' entirely of his own.
>
> "Nothing else in South Africa's history has shown with such shattering clarity the need for representative organizations for the Bantu as the recent terrible events. Yet organizations that did exist are today banned and declared unlawful.
>
> "In every main center of the Union the deep, bitter hatred of the apartheid laws and of the whites who enforce them has blazed out in mass protest and in violence, arson, and murder. The injustices, the insecurity, and genuine grievances under which the Bantu urban proletariat suffers have been made searingly clear. The government's answer is unconditional surrender . . ."

Numerous articles are published which reflect anti-apartheid sentiments. The Catholic Archbishop of

Durban has said, "The choice before white domination is graceful acquiescence or annihilation—and graceful acquiescence must come soon, almost immediately." The press reported a demonstration of white students of Natal University outside the City Hall where they displayed placards reading "FREEDOM IS DEAD," "HITLER 1939-VERWOERD 1960," "THE WHOLE WORLD IS WITH US." Headlines were devoted to the statement of a group of ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church urging an end to apartheid. The unfavorable reaction of world opinion was played up in the press.

There is considerable evidence that the Nationalist government is able to remain in power only because it has set up the electoral districts in such a way that the rural areas, which provide its chief support, are grossly over-represented.

More and more whites of South Africa have come to realize that the Africans have genuine grievances which must be understood and dealt with. They are increasingly skeptical of the ability of the whites to keep the black majority in a subordinate economic and political position for the indefinite future.

The position of the urban African is the crux of the problem. He works in the large cities and must go back and forth each day from his native township, which is anywhere from five to thirty miles from the city. Many single men are brought from the reserves and put in large dormitories, where they lead abnormal lives away from their families and the social activities to which they are accustomed. Some of them become trouble makers who bring discredit on the rest of the Africans. Men who have worked for ten years in the city can bring their families, and they are housed in small brick houses in the better townships. But in places like the notorious Cato Manor in Durban and Windemere in Cape Town, they live in corrugated tin shacks. These townships are breeding grounds of native revolts. The people often live in squalor and poverty, and even where their conditions are somewhat better, their wages are seldom enough for an adequate diet. Tuberculosis and malnutrition diseases are rife. The Bantus greatly resent the fact that they have no say whatever about the laws which

Herblock in The Washington Post

Darkest Africa

govern them. The pass laws have been a special source of bitterness and a constant reminder of white domination and repression.

Businessmen are not eager to support the government policy of making urban workers temporary migratory laborers. They prefer a stable labor force and not one that has to be re-trained every year. Ordinary householders who employ servants (almost all families here have servants) as well as factory owners and industrialists realize the utter folly of even considering a total separation of the races—the future goal envisioned by the Nationalists—which would mean that the whites would have to do the work now being performed by the Africans.

Scarcely any whites in South Africa perform heavy or disagreeable work. The job reservation law reserves skilled jobs for whites alone and leaves to the Bantus the hard, unskilled labor. This is one of the causes of African dissatisfaction and frustration. There was some indication of what would happen if black labor were withdrawn from the cities when many Africans recently refused to go to work as a protest against the government shootings and repression. Many industries came to a complete standstill and others were seriously crippled. The need for African labor is the single biggest obstacle to the accomplishment of apartheid. The high South African standard of living —quite comparable to the United States, with nearly all families owning cars and a high percentage of home ownership—is built on exploited African labor.

One of the tragic blunders of the government has been its stubborn refusal to confer with the African leaders concerning their people's grievances. Just the opposite course has been pursued. The government has jailed the responsible leaders and tried to discredit them as Communists. The leading organization of the Africans has been the African National Congress, a group dedicated to a program of non-violence and moderation, seeking an eventual multi-racial state with guarantees for the whites. Its leader, Albert Luthuli, a former Zulu Chief, is a cultured and well-educated Christian who spent nine months in the United States as the guest of a church organization a few years ago. I heard Chief Luthuli testify at the treason trial in Pretoria, emphasizing over and over his belief in peaceful methods and his abhorrence of violence. Luthuli's whole record of leadership in the ANC backs up his verbal testimony. Today he is behind bars, and the ANC is banned.

Impatient with the mild methods of the ANC, a new group was formed in the past two years known as the Pan African Congress. This more militant and uncompromising group talks stridently of "Africa for the Africans" and rejects white assistance. It led the recent anti-pass campaign that culminated in the Sharpeville and Langa riots and forced the government temporarily to suspend the carrying of passes. The national head of the PAC is a 36-year-old former professor of African languages. Tall, vigorous Robert Sobukwe is a forceful speaker and a dynamic personality, beloved by his fellow Africans and admired by his former white students. This is the appeal Sobukwe makes to his followers:

"Sons and daughters of Africa, we are knocking at the door of history . . . We have signed a pact with human worth and dignity . . . We have signed a pact with freedom and independence. We have signed a pact with history. March with us, you dusky children of the soil . . . Hitch your wagon to the star of African freedom. Stretch out your hands

and grasp the outstretched hand of history."

Sobukwe predicts freedom for the South African blacks in 1963. He, too, is in jail, but his organization has produced other leaders.

On March 30, 30,000 Africans from the native townships on the outskirts of Cape Town surged into the city, led not by a seasoned political agitator but by a 21-year-old college student, a follower of Sobukwe who pleaded for an opportunity to report his people's grievances to the proper authorities. When he was promised an interview, he asked the huge crowd to disperse and go home peacefully. The people followed his instructions, and not a single act of violence occurred as the blacks streamed back to their homes. Philip Kosogne, the student leader, was arrested immediately after his interview with the secretary of the Minister of Justice. One of the things he had reported was that on the previous day police had gone into people's homes, beating up those who refused to work. The police were carrying out a campaign against so-called "intimidators" —Africans who tried to persuade others to stay away from their jobs.

This anti-intimidator drive started in the native townships, then spread to Cape Town. There the police went berserk, creating a reign of terror by assaulting law-abiding Africans who just happened to be on the streets during working hours. Newspapers, the Race Relations Institute, and the representatives of the natives in parliament were beseiged by calls from Africans and from outraged whites who observed the indiscriminate beatings of Africans. Women with babies on their backs, a clergyman, and a distinguished African professor at Cape Town University were among those assaulted by the police. Protests to the police and Parliament brought the callous reply: "The police are only doing their duty."

A reporter for one of the Cape Town newspapers remarked during a conversation a few days ago, "I wonder how many people realize that what we are going through now is a revolution?" The great tragedy is that this revolution could have come peacefully and gradually, but the blindness and rigidity of the present government seem to doom it to a revolution of violence and haste.

↓ ↓ SANCTIONS against SOUTH AFRICA

by

GEORGE SHEPHERD, Jr.

MANY South Africans feel that the United States has no right, either morally or legally, to interfere in the Union of South Africa's internal policies. They were, therefore, deeply offended when U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge took the leadership before the United Nations Security Council in pushing through a resolution deploring those South African policies that led to the recent tragic massacres at Langa and Sharpeville and the imprisonment of more than 400 leaders of all races.

It should be remembered that it is the white South Africans who oppose outside intervention, but that the vast majority of South Africa's citizens, who are black and brown, welcome it. Moreover, there has been for many years a growing group of liberal white South Africans who have called for help from America and the outside world.

Moral censure by resolution or diplomatic note cannot accomplish anything more than arouse the self-righteous wrath of the Afrikaners. To achieve changes in South African policy, American policy-makers must take several specific steps they have scarcely been willing to consider. It has been difficult for our State Department to alter its policies in the face of the fact that South Africa is a military ally, a source of strategic materials, and one of the last outposts of Western power in the Afro-Asian world. In addition, she is a member of the British Commonwealth, and we tend to bow to British interests in such cases.

Yet white South Africans cannot establish Nazi-type concentration camps without incurring militant reactions from men and from nations that paid a terrible price to stamp out Nazism during World War II.

A good deal of wishful thinking characterizes opinion about South Africa, within both government and other knowledgeable circles, in this country and in England. Liberal optimism keeps hoping that something will develop in the power structure in South Africa to bring about a change in the Nationalist Party toward moderation or to make possible a coalition government.

The hard reality is that the Nationalists have a sure grip on power in the Union of South Africa. While it is true that many white South Africans reject apartheid, and several smaller political parties oppose the government's policies in varying degree, their political weight is such that the Nationalists are under no significant internal pressure to change their position.

Certainly, one of the lessons of the recent strike actions was that the black Africans themselves have great potential power. But they are not likely to be able to organize it now for effective action. The ease with which the police and armed forces crushed the recent strikes and forced Africans back to work underscores the weakness of the non-white organizations. Now most of their first and second-rank leadership is in prison, and will be kept there as long as the government feels any threat to its power. The ultimate result is not likely to be the revolution that so many observers have predicted but the growing misery of masses of people condemned to a concentration camp type of existence.

How is it all to end? If no international action is taken to avert its necessity, an invasion of South Africa by the new black African states to the north may become a distinct pos-

sibility. With such countries as Nigeria, the Congo, and Tanganyika gaining independence, the prospect of forceful liberation of their black brothers becomes more real.

There are two major avenues of action open for American policy. One is private diplomatic pressure; the other is association with, and even leadership of, a growing economic boycott of South Africa.

Diplomatic pressure undoubtedly can be used far more effectively than we have been willing to employ it to date. It can become doubly effective if the threat of boycott action is held over the heads of the Afrikaners as a final resort pending the failure of other means. The recall of the American ambassador in the Union would serve little purpose. Our diplomatic representatives should remain on the spot to carry out negotiations as long as possible. However, specific steps, such as desegregating the functions of our representatives in the Union, should be taken to let the South African government know that we mean what we say when we deplore segregation. When the Russians took a similar step, they were forced to close their embassy. However, South Africa is likely to be far more cautious with the leading power of the Western alliance.

Certainly no direct foreign aid should be extended to a government which persists in pursuing the racial policies of the Union of South Africa. We have often withheld or extended aid for political reasons in the past. There is nothing wrong inherently with this policy, although the political application usually has been shortsighted and cast within a cold war mold. South Africa has received little direct American economic assistance. There has been some subsidy of uranium production and an Export-Import Bank loan. The largest single item of aid has been a World Bank loan, sixty per cent of which is American capital, used for railroad construction. Since the South African railways are segregated, American dollars have helped to expand segregation in the Union.

Another diplomatic attack on the problem can be made through the United Nations, on the South West Africa issue. Here, the outside world has its strongest legal case against the Union. There is no question that South Africa's refusal to recognize her responsibilities under her mandate over South West Africa is a violation of international law. Liberia is currently considering taking this matter to the World Court for another and perhaps final decision. Should the Court find South Africa negligent in her duties, the Security Council or General Assembly can take appropriate steps to force the compliance of the Union. Liberia has been hesitating to take this step because the Western powers and particularly the United States have not favored such action. With American cooperation, it is conceivable that the United Nations could move toward considering means for taking the South West Africa mandate away from the Union and placing it in international trust. This would raise several difficult legal and practical questions; but it is this kind of pressure that is likely to be more effective with the tough Afrikaners than the sweet reasonableness that has been employed to date on this subject.

All outside intervention is certain to be disregarded unless behind it lies the ultimate threat of economic sanctions. South Africa is especially vulnerable to this kind of pressure because the nature of her economy is such that it is dependent upon overseas trade. If the world markets for her gold, diamonds, and foodstuffs were cut off by a boycott, her stock market would collapse, and she would quickly become bankrupt. Industrialists, mine-owners, farmers, and bankers would then face the choice of reversing the policy of apartheid or suffering financial ruin.

Well-meaning persons have opposed such extreme action on the ground that it would also have a disastrous effect on the African, Colored, and Indian people, who would lose their jobs. However, it is important to remember that the African people have already indicated by their attempts at a work stoppage that they are quite prepared to suffer and even starve to bring about a change in the unjust social system. The African National Congress and Pan-African Congress have issued a call for an international boycott of South Africa. They are fully aware of the consequences, but prefer them to continuation of the beatings, imprisonment, and death which they suffer when they oppose the regime.

An international boycott movement has been launched. The two most recent meetings of the All-Africa Peoples Conference have issued appeals to all nations and peoples to boycott the Union of South Africa's goods. Trade unions and political parties throughout Africa are urging their people to stop buying goods manufactured in the Union. As yet, there has been little compliance by the African governments for an official trade boycott. But there is every indication that this is coming. The appeals of the African people for cooperation around the world have been taken up by the labor and cooperative movements in England. In America, trade unions are considering this step, and liberal organizations have requested the U.S. government to initiate a boycott of South African gold.

Without the leadership of the United States and the United Kingdom, a boycott program will have little effect. These two countries take most of South Africa's exports. Neither of their economies would suffer from the loss of South African gold, diamonds, foodstuffs, or even uranium, all of which are available elsewhere in the world. The United States has more than an adequate gold supply for many years ahead, despite recent losses in world trade. Those who would lose temporarily are private American and British investors.

It is imperative that we refuse to allow ourselves to be deterred from a necessary course of action that would help bring freedom to millions of Africans because of the hardship and losses entailed by a few people. It seems clear that we cannot, as a people who love freedom, allow the Afrikaners to turn South Africa into a vast concentration camp that tramples upon the rights of a helpless people.

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Chester Bowles: the Connecticut Dark Horse

by ROBERT L. RIGGS

ONE OF THE most intriguing aspects of the current campaign for the Democratic Presidential nomination is the modest yet persistent boom for a freshman Congressman in a field of seasoned Senators. Representative Chester Bowles of Connecticut shares the conviction of the politically sophisticated that he doesn't have a chance to win the nomination, but few political commentators fail to note his dark horse image when they consult their crystal balls.

When I called on Bowles for his own view of this phenomenon, he offered two explanations for the continuing talk about the possibility that he might be the nominee. One is that so many qualified candidates are seeking the prize that a growing number of Democrats, confused and frustrated, are turning hopefully to someone not heretofore seriously considered a contender. So many arguments have been offered to prove that none of the leading candidates can capture a majority of the delegates that increasingly Democrats have come to believe the convention will reject all of them and choose someone unscarred by pre-convention conflict.

His second explanation is that the hard core of deeply devoted supporters of Adlai E. Stevenson are convinced the party bosses will never let their idol have the nomination a third time, and they are lining up behind Bowles as a way of showing they would like to go into next fall's campaign behind a candidate espousing the same basic principles as the nominee in 1952 and 1956.

These stalwart Stevenson supporters showed sound instinct when they turned to Bowles as a successor to Stevenson. He is one of them—a Stevenson worshipper himself. If the former governor of Illinois had shown the least inclination to make a fight for the nomination, Bowles would have been part of his organization. Instead he has thrown himself wholeheartedly behind the candidacy of Senator John F. Kennedy, for whom he is acting as foreign policy adviser.

Bowles plunged into the Kennedy movement because he believes that of those apparently available for the nomination, the Massachusetts Senator would be the best choice for the Democratic Party and the best choice for the nation. He believes Kennedy has a better chance to win in November than any other Democratic aspirant. He also believes Kennedy would make a better President than any of those in the race. Kennedy's supporters continue to hope that the enthusiasm Bowles has shown for their candidate may yet thaw the Eleanor Roosevelt wing of Stevenson admirers who have been cool to the Kennedy candidacy.

While Bowles professes faith in Kennedy's liberal attitude on domestic problems, it is in the field of foreign policy that he has the most confidence in the Massachusetts candidate. Kennedy's selection of Bowles to be official pre-convention campaign adviser on foreign policy questions reflects their identity of views in this critical area. The appointment of Bowles to that post has led many to expect that a victorious Kennedy would appoint Bowles his Secretary of State. Bowles himself takes it for granted that any Democrat elected President in 1960 would select Stevenson for that post.

It is a curious commentary on our times and on our system of choosing Presidential candidates that after brushing off the Bowles candidacy as hopelessly unrealistic, one finds himself asking, "Why couldn't Chester Bowles be the man to whom the convention would turn after rejecting those now in the running?" Certainly, if a political convention went about selecting a Presidential candidate the way a great university or a large business enterprise chooses a top executive, its selections committee would be impressed by the arguments put forward in Bowles' behalf.

If the committee remembered the great protest practical politicians made against Franklin D. Roosevelt's bright young New Dealers because so many of them had "never carried a precinct," it could be freed from concern on that score. Bowles carried enough precincts in the Republican state of Connecticut to be elected governor in 1948.

He carried even more in 1950, but not quite enough to win a second term as governor. In 1958 he unquestionably could have been nominated for the Senate in place of Thomas J. Dodd had his old friend and former business partner, William Benton, not been so sure the prize would fall into his own lap. When Governor Abraham Ribicoff's friends made Dodd the state convention's choice, Bowles cheerfully took on the assignment of Democratic candidate for the House of Representatives in the strongly Republican second district. Again he did well enough at the precincts to win election to Congress.

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If the selections committee recalled how businessmen cried out that the zealous men who staffed the wartime control agencies had "never met a payroll," the record would quiet such doubts about Bowles. A man who could make himself wealthy between the ages of 30 and 40, in the depression decade that began in 1929, has received a certificate of merit which will pass without question in the business world.

Bowles insists that the money he received when he sold his ten-year-old advertising business was not the million dollars many writers have credited to him. But it was enough so that he can afford to provide well for his family while leading the satisfying life of public servant. Or, if that career comes to an end, he could afford to turn to his second love and become a college professor. The business in which he made his money was the advertising agency of Benton and Bowles which he organized with William Benton in the year of the historic stock market crash.

If the selections committee wanted proof that the man being considered had executive ability, its members could look at two different phases of the Bowles record. There never was a more trying executive post than the one Bowles stepped into during the war as head of the vast empire ruled by the Office of Price Administration. It was no place for anyone seeking popularity, especially when the shooting war stopped and the regulatory agencies were devoting their efforts to futile attempts to "hold the line" on prices and wages and the distribution of scarce materials. Despite the part the unpopularity of wartime regulations may have played in the Republican Congressional victories of 1946, Bowles is more than ever convinced that the average citizen has a genuine sense of appreciation for the attempts the government made to meet the problem of scarce supply and huge demand. He believes that many who now talk about him as a Presidential possibility are moved by warm memories of his efforts on behalf of consumers.

OPA may not be the ideal take-off point for a Presidential candidacy, but Bowles has had executive experience in a more desirable post—one which many are convinced is the best training ground for the White House. During the two years he sat in the governor's chair at Hartford, Chester Bowles not only established an impressive record of immediate accomplishment, but he laid some of the foundations upon which Connecticut's present Governor Ribicoff has built his own impressive list of achievements. To accomplish his goals, Bowles had to deal with a Republican house, and he demonstrated that he knew how to persuade legislators of an opposing party to support his measures for the public welfare.

In this year of 1960, the selections committee considering the qualifications of a Presidential possibility would want to know how much interest, knowledge, and experience he has in the field of foreign policy. While all the Democratic hopefuls have demonstrated their interest in foreign affairs, Bowles has one achievement in his record not matched by Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson, or Stuart Symington: he has served his country's State Department abroad. For the last two years of the Truman Administration, after his failure to be re-elected governor, Bowles was our ambassador to India. Those who have been in New Delhi report that Bowles and Kentucky's Republican Senator, John Sherman Cooper, occupy a higher place in the esteem of the Indian government than any other envoys this government has sent there.

So well pleased with him were the Indians that some of their spokesmen, aided by Paul Hoffman and other Eisenhower internationalists, persuaded the new Republican President in 1953 to keep Bowles in the New Delhi embassy. But when word of the decision reached Hartford, Republicans objected. They complained that if Bowles were accorded the prestige of reappointment by Eisenhower, he would return to Connecticut and become governor again. Already faced with other confirmation problems in the Senate, the White House dropped the idea of keeping Bowles on the job.

Republican Senator Cooper, who went to New Delhi two years after Bowles departed, is an eager witness to the remarkably effective job the Connecticut Democrat did there. Cooper attributes Bowles' success chiefly to the fact that he had an understanding of India's desire to be neutral in the struggle between the great powers and did not insist, as did others like Senator William F. Knowland, that India "stand up and be counted."

"I learned in New Delhi," Cooper says, "that Chester Bowles understood that India, having only recently obtained its independence from Great Britain, did not want to tie itself up to any great power. The Indians liked him also because, with the start of their five-year plan, he was not only sympathetic toward their efforts, but he persuaded officials in Washington to be sympathetic. They liked him also because, although he dealt with government officials, he was accessible to students or any other Indian who wanted to talk with him. He made the Indian people feel that the United States was their friend."

The instincts of an aggressive Madison Avenue huckster and a thoughtful political scientist are strangely mixed in Bowles. Out of that mixture has come his pet theory of political history as one periodic "consensus" after another. When the national mind has made a shift in its position, he holds that the people have arrived at a new consensus. Such a new consensus, or shift in national attitude, was ushered in by Thomas Jefferson. Another was brought about by the infant Republican Party and Abraham Lincoln. Our present consensus, he believes, emerged under Franklin D. Roosevelt. He feels we are on the verge of still another in 1960.

Bowles is convinced that the American people have accepted so completely what he likes to call the consensus of liberalism on domestic questions and cooperation abroad that

they are no longer political issues on a national scale. It is true, he says, that individual members of Congress, representing certain narrow local interests, can appeal to the nostalgic desire for a return to the Nineteenth Century both in domestic and foreign policy. But he calls attention to the fact that no leader on the national scene, Democratic or Republican, has failed to espouse liberalism and internationalism. As a partisan, Bowles says the American people are going to have to decide whether Richard M. Nixon really wants to put domestic welfare programs and international assistance programs into effect, or is just talking for political profit. But, so far as words go, he points out, even Nixon is as much committed to the new consensus as any Democrat.

While Bowles values the insight he gained into the new consensus on foreign policy during his service in New Delhi, he is equally proud of the part he played in its domestic phase as governor of Connecticut. Among the accomplishments he looks back upon are these:

¶ Connecticut's $175 million housing program enabled its people to build 14,000 state-financed homes both for rent and sale in a two-year period. Bowles claims that, on a per capita basis, this is the largest housing program any state has undertaken.

¶ A school building program which now accounts for nearly one-half of all classrooms in Connecticut.

¶ The ceiling on old-age assistance was removed and the state's welfare program was broadened to enable it to meet some of the inadequacies of the federal social security program.

¶ The minimum wage was increased to one dollar at a time when the national government called for a minimum of only seventy-five cents and few states had minimum wage laws of their own.

¶ Connecticut was one of the first states to eliminate segregation in the national guard and to establish penalties for discrimination in public housing.

¶ One of the largest construction programs for mental hospitals in the state's history was adopted.

¶ The largest program for construction in the history of the state university and colleges was enacted.

¶ A commission was established to make recommendations on the modernization of the state's government. Although Bowles was able to get only part of this recommended legislation enacted, much of what he sought has been approved under Governor Ribicoff.

Although Bowles is a full-fledged member of the egghead wing of the Democratic Party, he prides himself on being a practical politician who knows about patronage, district leaders, and the location of the centers of power. But he clings stubbornly to the doctrine that the surest road to political success is clean, effective, efficient, and liberal government. This confidence that good government is the best politics contributed to his defeat when he sought re-election as governor in 1950. He had made the mistake of traveling too fast.

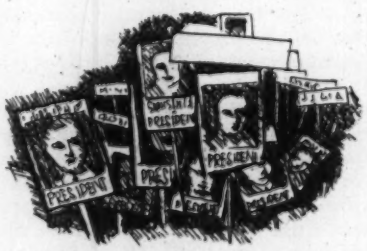
That was a year in which Democrats fell all over the country, yet Senator Brian MacMahon and Senator Benton won in Connecticut while Governor Bowles was losing by a bare 15,000 votes. Bowles feels his defeat was brought about in part by his softness toward Republicans during the campaign because he was trying to get the GOP-dominated house of the legislature to help him reorganize the government. Up to the point of his attempt to wrap the sprawling bureaus of the state government into fifteen departments, Bowles had shown considerable talent in working with the legislature whose Senate was Democratic but whose house was Republican.

Although reorganization and Bowles were both defeated, Governor Ribicoff has put Bowles' proposed changes into effect. This has increased Bowles' loyalty to the governor despite the feeling of some of Bowles' friends that Ribicoff should have helped him become U.S. Senator in 1958. For thirty years, it had been accepted tradition that one of Connecticut's Senators must be Catholic, since at least eighty-five per cent of the Democratic Party of Connecticut is said to be of that faith. But some Connecticut politicians recently have found that there are many divisions among Catholics themselves. That is why they accept the findings of a Lou Harris poll made in 1958 showing that had Bowles demanded that the Democratic Party hold a Senatorial primary, he would have won the nomination even in a race against Dodd, who is Catholic and who was later elected, or against Benton.

The convention system prevails in Connecticut, but any candidate who has twenty per cent of the delegates can demand a primary. None has ever made such a demand. Bowles was persuaded not to insist upon one in 1958, chiefly because his friends thought that when the convention showdown came, Benton, who owed his political career to Bowles, would throw his delegates to him. But Benton held onto his delegates and the nomination went to Dodd. In his present mood of active cooperation with all elements of the party in Connecticut, Bowles is eager to forget about 1958, happy to be in the House, and to be listed among the dark horse Presidential candidates. But his friends still feel that if Ribicoff and Benton had given him proper support Unitarian Bowles would have gone to the Senate instead of Catholic Dodd—even in Catholic Connecticut.

Bowles is more interested in what Connecticut Democrats will do at the Los Angeles convention than in what they did at Hartford two years ago. Despite his lack of illusions about winning the nomination, he would like to have Connecticut's delegates put his name forward should the time come that it is clearly futile to continue voting for Kennedy.

Bowles makes no secret of the fact that the desire to do good led him into politics and public affairs. If that makes him a "do-gooder," he is willing to bear whatever amount of opprobrium and scorn might be involved in the term. Some of this uplift urge came to him through heredity. But he had to skip a generation to find it in the Bowles bloodstream. His own father, a most proper New England businessman, looked upon Woodrow Wilson as a dreadful person. But grandfather Samuel Bowles, famed editor of the Springfield,



Massachusetts, *Republican*, was one of those founders of the Republican Party who had no patience with the middle-of-the-road approach to the issue of slavery. He favored abolition and he pressed it upon the reluctant Abraham Lincoln and other "moderate" midwives of the new party. Grandfather Samuel Bowles, in turn, was quite different from another of Chester Bowles' ancestors—the ardent Federalist president of Yale, Timothy Dwight—who moaned in 1801 that the election of Thomas Jefferson meant that the nation would be governed henceforth by "blockheads and knaves." As a consequence of Jefferson's victory, he warned, "the ties of marriage will be severed; our wives and daughters thrown into the stews; our children cast into the world from the breast and forgotten; and filial piety extinguished."

But it was an aunt, Ruth Standish Baldwin, who started Bowles on the road to liberalism. Devoted to many good causes, including the Urban League, she stirred young Chester to excitement over Woodrow Wilson in the face of paternal disapproval. Despite the Federalist ancestor at Yale, despite the grandfather who guided the infant Republican Party, despite his Wilson-despising father, Bowles voted for Alfred E. Smith for President in 1928 in preference to Herbert Hoover. But it was his house-to-house visits and his face-to-face interviews as an advertising agency research man during the depression that gave him an opportunity to see poverty and misery at first hand and turned him into a liberal.

For a decade he was too busy becoming wealthy to give his energies to anything but business. But when he sold his interest in Benton and Bowles in 1940, he set about immediately to devote his attention to public affairs. He broke into the field as a delegate to the 1940 Chicago Democratic convention which gave Roosevelt his third-term nomination.

One other foray Bowles made about that time represents the only phase of his public life of which he is not proud. In 1939, he was prominent in the America First Committee of Connecticut. Bowles recalls now that it did not take him long to realize he had made a mistake. He feels he made the error by following, without thinking, what had been for two decades the liberal line about "merchants of death," and "the road to war." He also recalls that his heroes of the Progressive movement, the senior Robert M. LaFollette and his two sons, as well as Burton K. Wheeler, had conditioned him to accept the teaching of America First.

He is so convinced today of the righteousness of the cause of internationalism that he believes the American people would vote to uphold those who favor large expenditures for economic assistance to the free nations. As a member of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, he has fought hard to prevent cuts in President Eisenhower's requests for appropriations for foreign aid. But he also has demanded that more money be put into economic programs and less spent to provide weapons for every dictator, big and little, who claims to be on our side.

On the eve of the 1960 Presidential campaign, Bowles has warned the Democratic Party that it is flirting with defeat if it makes a record against foreign economic assistance. He concedes that individual House members from some districts may be able to make some political profit out of the fact that a dam was refused for their area and approved for a country in Asia. But just as he believes a national referendum in 1945 would have produced a vote of confidence in the much maligned OPA program, he is convinced today that the frequently criticized foreign assistance program has the support of a majority of the American people.

Bowles insists that the Administration which takes office in 1961 must do more for the cause of peace than merely continue a nuclear stalemate with Russia. While he believes that the United States must have an adequate stockpile of missiles and nuclear weapons to deter attack, he insists that a tough defense which would do no more than maintain the present cold peace is not enough. We must, he contends, seek a genuine peace, and in that seeking we must establish economic conditions on a global scale which eventually will free all people from poverty, illiteracy, and ill health.

"We must refresh our impulses for public creative action, which, since the days of the Marshall Plan and Point Four, have generally fallen into disuse," Bowles argues. "The expression of our national purpose must involve not only the enunciation of great truths, but the initiation of great action, reflected in day-to-day policies, appropriations, and administration.

"Many American leaders, in and out of government, view the cold war as a struggle between the American and Russian ways of life, one of which all nations sooner or later must choose. This interpretation places us at a supreme disadvantage.

"Whether we like it or understand it, a clear majority of the non-Communist people of the world are unprepared to accept the American

way of life as their model. Most of them are colored and they resent the continued racial discrimination that exists in much of America. Most of them are poor, and they are unsympathetic to what impresses them as the arrogance of American wealth. Most of them are deeply religious and family-oriented by centuries of custom and upbringing, and consequently deplore our soaring statistics of crime, divorce, and juvenile delinquency.

"To call upon the non-Communist two-thirds of mankind to join us in a crusade for the American way of life is, therefore, self-defeating and futile. It also betrays a narrowly mistaken view of what the world struggle is all about. This conflict goes beyond differences between America and the Soviet Union. It is a conflict between those who believe in the dignity of the individual and those who would deny him that dignity.

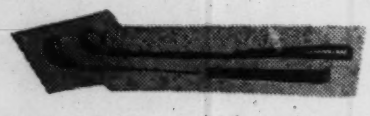
"Our primary task, therefore, is to rally other non-Communist peoples in the common defense of certain primary principles of human conduct which are deeply rooted in most religions and which have provided the central driving force for human freedom and betterment since the beginning of time.

"Unless we thus deliberately place our national resources in this con-

text, and unless we learn to act in behalf of our interests in the broadest and most generous terms, we will almost surely fail to secure these interests. Lacking this broader perspective, we shall fail to associate our vital long-term objectives with the objectives of our potential friends, even when their security and ours are in fact totally tied together."

For the balance which must be struck between waging a cold war and seeking a genuine peace with an enemy whom we have found no reason to trust, Bowles offers this counsel:

"Unless we can move off our present tight-rope of terror, the future of civilization will continue to hang in the balance. There is grave danger that out of our frustration with the



complex challenge which we face, we Americans will come to accept the present cold peace as the genuine article. Indeed, this is precisely what much of the world fears has already happened.

"A genuine peace can be achieved only by negotiation. And a successful adjustment of the major issues between the Atlantic nations and the Communist bloc appears unlikely under present conditions.

"Local adjustments may be made, as in the Austrian peace treaty, and perhaps in regard to Berlin, where both sides come to see that their interests are best served by eliminating a specific source of conflict. The present thaw in personal give-and-take at the summit may be extended.

"As for the larger question, however, both the Soviet and the Chinese Communists seem to feel that it is they who hold the long-range military, political, and economic advantage. Barring some unexpected development within the Moscow-Peking bloc itself, this means that no settlement of the fundamental issues can be expected for some time.

"This brings our task into clear focus. Our objective must be to *create* the global conditions which at some future stage will make possible some meaningful and enforceable agreements. This requires of us a carefully balanced effort in the fields of military defense, economic policy, and diplomatic maneuver."

On the domestic front, Bowles casts his lot with those who believe the government has a vital part to play in our economic, social, and cultural lives. He holds that it is foolish to believe that we have no control over certain "immutable" economic laws.

The Eisenhower Administration has not hesitated to influence the operation of economic law, Bowles points out, contending that its restrictive policies have kept our national economy from expanding at an adequate rate during the past seven years.

It is Bowles' contention that the Administration's concern about inflation is a politically devious attack upon government programs for housing, aid to education, for development of water resources, and projects for urban renewal. Those now so exercised over the fear of inflation, he argues, are the same men who did everything they could in 1943 and 1944 to prevent the government from putting into effect an anti-inflation program that would have worked. They also have found, he says, that it is politically unwise to make a frontal assault upon what they call the welfare state. Hence, they are using the public fear of inflation as a weapon to combat these forward-looking programs.

"It is my own strongly-held conviction," Bowles contends, "that the principal economic danger we now face is not inflation, but our slow rate of growth compounded by our disturbing recent history of recurring recessions."

The government has two responsibilities on the economic and social front, Bowles believes. Its first duty is to provide a climate in which a democratic society can voluntarily improve its quality. But, beyond that, it is also necessary and proper that government concern itself with adequate housing, better education, and expanded cultural facilities such as symphonies, operas, libraries, museums, historic buildings, recreation, and sports.

The best example of a pressing need offered by Bowles is the problem of urban renewal.

"Rebuilding our central cities needs the spur of private enterprise," he says, "but there are many areas of action in that field which will require government help—municipal, state, and federal. For anything less than a comprehensive plan will prove to be inadequate. There is need to rebuild the urban transportation systems as well as to coordinate the highway systems which reach the urban centers."

On the question of housing, Bowles finds that what is needed is "more comprehensive and bolder approaches, lower interest rates, lower down payments." As for the issue of federal aid to education, he believes that "It has become clear that state and local revenues cannot meet the need. Federal funds without federal interference are the only alternative."

Anyone who enjoys public life as much as Bowles does has to have a bouncy optimism not only about his own part in political affairs but also in the inherent good judgment of the people who cast the ballots. It is that optimism that has led him to believe that the United States is on the eve of another "new consensus." He thinks the signs point to the election of 1960 as one "likely to lead to a brilliant new period of political creativeness," and that the Democratic Party, as the traditionally liberal party, stands the better chance of becoming the instrument through which this creative era will be ushered in.

Chester Bowles was born fifty-nine years ago in Springfield, Massachusetts. After public schools in Massachusetts and the Choate School in Wallingford, Connecticut, he received a bachelor of science degree from Yale's Sheffield Scientific School. His immediate family had no interest in the Springfield *Republican*, but he served on it briefly as a cub reporter. Later he became an advertising copywriter, working under the supervision of William Benton, who joined Bowles in establishing their own agency four years later.

Like Stevenson, Bowles has been divorced. But unlike Stevenson, he has remarried.

When he left the advertising business in 1940, Bowles asked Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt to advise him about entering public life. It was under her auspices that he launched his political career by becoming a delegate to the 1940 Democratic National Convention. With the attack

on Pearl Harbor, Bowles tried to enter the Navy but was turned down because of an injured ear. Connecticut's Governor Robert A. Hurley put him in charge of the state's OPA organization. When Prentiss Brown quit as head of the national OPA in July, 1943, Roosevelt brought Bowles to Washington with the title of general manager of the agency, then made him administrator.

It was Bowles' intention to stay only briefly in Washington, then go back to Connecticut to run for governor in 1944. But F.D.R. vetoed that plan, insisting that he remain with OPA. He stayed on the job until the summer of 1946 when he felt that Congress had destroyed the agency's usefulness. His first effort to become governor failed in 1946.

Before succeeding in his second attempt two years later, Bowles got some foreign affairs training with some of the United Nations agencies, including its Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO).

As a legislator, Bowles has a good liberal record, but his term as a freshman Congressman has provided him with few opportunities for distinguished service. He has identified himself largely with the fields of civil rights, foreign affairs, and housing, but he is the author of no major legislation in any field. Perhaps his most notable achievement, as a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, was his successful effort to achieve a significant change in emphasis in the Mutual Security Act of 1959. Bowles effectively contended that the preamble should be changed from the merely negative objective of resistance to Communism to an affirmative assertion of America's "abiding interest in assisting the efforts of the people of the world to realize their aspirations for improving living standards, for education, for governments of their own choosing, and for dignity and respect as individual human beings."

In the field of civil rights, Bowles has expressed firm views on how a President should act in the face of continuing crises. If he were President, he says, he would have asserted his support for the Supreme Court's desegregation decision—a declaration President Eisenhower has avoided up to now. Moreover, Bowles has told friends, he would have handled the Little Rock situation by taking a Negro child by the hand through the howling segregationists.

Although Bowles works hard on his legislative duties, as he does on everything he tackles, he is not exactly smitten with a passion for details. Rather he concentrates on what Madison Avenue calls "the big picture." As one Democratic colleague expressed it, "Chet has the vision of the larger goal, but he often seems to be impatient in the haggling over specifics. Still, he has shown a great capacity for application and for mastering a subject."

Bowles possesses in considerable degree one of the major requisites of a successful politician. He is an unusually warm human being who derives genuine pleasure from dealing with people. Those who work for him are fiercely loyal, and Bowles reciprocates by taking a great interest in them.

Perhaps the most impressive demonstration of the loyalty Bowles inspires is the annual reunion of OPA officials held each Memorial Day. Some fifty of those who served under Bowles in that organization come each year from every part of the country to spend a weekend at Bowles' home in Essex, Connecticut. They sleep all over the big Georgian house that looks down upon Essex Harbor just a few miles from the point where the Connecticut River enters Long Island Sound. Among the many boats anchored in that harbor is the 38-foot yawl which Bowles and his wife operate together.

Sailing has become Bowles' chief hobby. There was a time when he was proficient in the Presidential sport of golf. He was captain of the Yale golf team and for a time thereafter was rated one of the better players in the New York area. But he has not touched a golf club for ten years. He has turned to boating as a sport which the entire family can enjoy together.

For all his intense interest in a wide variety of subjects, Bowles is not the type usually given to ulcers. He relaxes easily. A big (six feet, one hundred and ninety pounds), rather rumpled figure, he looks somewhat younger than his fifty-nine years. Audiences have long noticed that Bowles has a tendency to talk out of the right side of his mouth. The left side is partly paralyzed because of a child-

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hood mastoid operation. It was the ear surgery that caused the Navy to reject him when he volunteered after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Washington newsmen who have been studying the life and ways of this Connecticut dark horse are impressed by the fact that unlike many Congressmen whose districts are close to Washington, Bowles does not spend most of his weekends in his home district, but prefers to embark on speaking engagements throughout the country. This is said to represent a lack of enthusiasm for the detailed work of organizational politics rather than an avowed desire to build a larger constituency.

Pressed at a private dinner recently, Bowles, with what was described as rather convincing earnestness, insisted: "I have not been bitten by the Presidential bug."

"Of course I would accept," Bowles says when urged to say what he would do if lightning should strike him at a deadlocked convention. But he hastens to add that any such result would involve a most unlikely combination of circumstances—and one he insists he is seeking to prevent.

Bowles-for-President clubs have sprung up in a number of communities, but the Connecticut Congressman writes letters to discourage them. Representative of the letters he has written was one to a woman in California. "I am working energetically for Senator Kennedy," he said, "but I also have a longing admiration for Hubert Humphrey and Adlai Stevenson.

"The chance that lightning might bypass these front runners and strike me seems too remote to consider. I am convinced that my effectiveness within the party is best served by discouraging attempts to organize in my behalf."

No one who knows him well questions his sincerity. But some Washington commentators find food for thought in the fact that he embarked on an extensive program of speeches and radio television appearances during the months before the convention, and that in some of them he developed his concept of the Presidency. This led one seasoned observer to comment that if Bowles is spending half his time trying to suppress the Bowles-for-President movement, he seems to be spending a good part of the other half building it up.

The American Revolution In Our Time

by ADLAI E. STEVENSON

This article is adapted from Mr. Stevenson's Founder's Day address at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville recently.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN THOMAS JEFFERSON was ambassador to France in 1787, he met a young Brazilian patriot who was seeking aid for Brazil's struggle for independence. Jefferson explained to Senhor da Maia that he had no authority to discuss such a delicate subject, but that while the very young government of the United States could not get involved, the American people could and should be concerned with Brazil's freedom. He made a distinction between the acts of governments and the acts of citizens who played such a significant part in the independence struggle in Latin America.

I like to think about that talk long ago in a little French provincial inn and of what Jefferson may have said to the eager young Brazilian. Historians have long since released Jefferson from the narrow partisan and states' rights prison that could never confine his universal dimensions. And he must have revealed that his great hope, as expressed in some magnificent letters, was not to extend our national power but to spread the dominion of our national ideals: "May it be to the world what I believe it will be (to some parts sooner, to others later, but finally to all) the signal of arousing men . . . to assume the blessings and security of self-government."

South America must have been much in his mind when he wrote that. And I wonder if he didn't warn his young friend about the evils of the European social order as well as the colonial system of that time; how, as he put it, "they have divided their nations into two classes, wolves and sheep." While he loved Europe, he was horrified by a system in which, in words he quoted from Voltaire, every man was either the hammer or the anvil.

"Cherish therefore," Jefferson wrote, "the spirit of our people, and keep alive their attention. Do not be too severe upon their errors, but reclaim them by enlightening them. Once they become inattentive to public affairs, you and I, and Congress and . . . judges and governors shall all become wolves."

Jefferson today would, I suspect, scent some wolves and prescribe a large dose of enlightenment to keep alive "the people's attention." To be sure, the agrarian society that delighted Jefferson is a lost world, and he would have been dismayed by the urban, industrialized, automated society in which we live today. But he would have understood that, as the population swelled from five million to 180 million, it brought profound changes; that with the machine age would come tremendous pressures toward impersonalized conformity. For Jefferson knew full well that the world does not stand still. "The earth," he said, "belongs always to the living generation," and, "Nothing is unchangeable but the inherent and inalienable right of man."

So Jefferson today would be plunged into a battle that was familiar to him, even though the terrain is different. The challenge of free

men to stay free in a swiftly changing world would absorb all his energies. As he fought for the Bill of Rights in his own lifetime, so would he be fighting today for its application to all Americans. What mattered to him, as to all liberals, was the extension of freedom and the rights of the individual. And he would be shocked to hear his name invoked in defense of doctrines no longer designed to extend civil rights, but to curtail them.

He would, I think, be quick to remind the Americans of today that they cannot take their freedom and security for granted, that they can no longer indulge in the comfortable illusion, as one historian put it, that "history does not happen to us." For we are no longer far removed from the tidal waves of history, and the Western world is no longer the center of gravity on our planet. And our common culture and convictions are challenged as they have not been since Islam's challenge to Christianity hundreds of years ago.

I also believe that Jefferson would be deeply disturbed by the slowness with which this reality is sinking in. Not only has our society become infinitely more complex, but life itself has become infinitely more perilous. Not long ago, I visited Dr. Albert Schweitzer in his jungle hospital in equatorial Africa. He told me he thought this the most dangerous period in all human history. Why? Because, he said, man is no longer controlled by nature. He has learned to control the elemental forces of nature—before he has learned to control himself.

To one who spent a dauntless, restless lifetime in the service of his fellow-men, some other symptoms of our times would also be profoundly disturbing. Jefferson thought of democracy as a moral principle. What of our public morals today? He knew how hard it was to win and preserve freedom. But the freedom many people want today is freedom from responsibility. Jefferson toiled night and day to serve his country. But in our time, millions of Americans are seemingly so indifferent to public affairs that they do not even feel an obligation to vote.

What would he say about leadership? Jefferson's whole philosophy was based on belief in the ability and decency of the average man. But would he not caution us to beware of easy options and of men on horseback? Would he not remind us again that any dominant group, however ostensibly enlightened, would, if given a chance, exploit the people? Would he not decry our anti-intellectualism and the cult of the lowest common denominator at a time when terrible and dangerous decisions have to be made?

There is no doubt in my mind where Jefferson would stand. He was—to use a contemporary term—an egghead, and proud of it. "Of all the charges brought against me by my political adversaries," he said on leaving the Presidency, "that of possessing some science has probably done them the least credit. Our countrymen are too enlightened themselves to believe that ignorance is the best qualification for their service." He would see that our national leadership has not prepared us for the tasks of this searching century; that it has not summoned us to our duty; that it has not, in his words, "kept alive our attention." Too often—and I wish I could call Jefferson as a witness—our leadership has been hesitant and half-hearted, and has concealed from us the nature and dimensions of the crisis.

Such failure of leadership and communication touches the roots of the idea of democratic society. Our system of government was founded, as Jefferson declared, "not in the fears and follies of man, but on his reason, on his sense of right, on the predominance of the social over his dissocial passions." For the people can neither grant nor withhold consent on rational or just ground unless they are informed—enlightened, to use Jefferson's word. Government by concealment, by soothing assurances rather than candid communication, cannot be long tolerated if our system is to endure.

Concealment of the true nature of the crisis—even assurances from a Secretary of State, as late as 1956, that Communism is "a gigantic failure"—has been accompanied by an attitude on the part of our leaders that seems almost to equate discussion with disunity and criticism with disloyalty. When some of our most distinguished citizens and generals express concern about the obvious fact that our defenses are not as strong as they were, the President becomes angry, Mr. Nixon considers that it undermines our security, and the Republican national chairman contributes a sarcastic remark about their "paper hats and wooden swords."

And this recent history of truth trifling and misrepresentation goes way back to the talk about "liberating" Eastern Europe, "unleashing" Chiang Kai-shek, "Communists in government," and a long procession of impostures born of political expediency and cynical salesmanship.

But these impostures also derive from misunderstanding or disrespect for our system—from a vague feeling that the best kind of government is one in which the people turn their hopes and fears over to a kind of caretaker for the national welfare and conscience, to a benign chief magistrate, who countenances little criticism and comforts the people with good news or none. This concept of leadership is in sharp contrast to Jefferson's conviction that the people must be kept attentive by enlightening them, and that democracy needs the fertilization of dissent if it is not to wither like a plant without water.

But if what I have been saying seems too contemporary for a memorial lecture, my excuse is that these attitudes about leadership are not new. Thomas Jefferson knew them well. Indeed, they represent one of the two enduring polarities of thought around which our political life has centered. What distinguished the Federalists, the Whigs, and, in our day, the Republicans from the party that Jefferson founded is that their leaders never really trusted what he called "the good sense of the people." Instead, they felt that the business of government should be left in the hands of those who believed they knew best.

This distinction was perceived by Tocqueville more than a hundred years ago. He called it a division "between two opinions which are as old as the world . . . the one tending to limit, the other to extend indefinitely the power of the people." This is a moral issue that has always kindled strong feelings, and he concluded that whenever America lost this distinction dividing the two parties, "her morality . . . suffered by their extinction."

Jefferson, too, discerned a natural division of men into opposing parties in every free and deliberative society—with each taking his side according to his fear of, or confidence in, the good sense of the people. And although historical parallels are never exact, we can see similarities between the central issue of today—the right of the people to know—and the one that the nation faced in what Jefferson called "the momentous crisis" of 1800.

Then, too, the nation had recently experienced an effort to suspend political debate, a drift away from government through discussion and towards a curbing of criticism. Even Washington, a military and world hero, cautioned in his Farewell Address against those self-centered societies that had fomented so much political dissent. He spoke warmly of respect for law and order, little upon the subject of liberties, and not at all upon the right to criticize. And at the close of the 1790's, this tendency reached its most extreme form in legislation which sought, in the name of national security, to apply a check-rein to criticism of public officials.

To Jefferson, this tendency to stifle debate struck at the very heart of our idea of government by consent, the moral foundation on which government rested. That is why I think he would be dismayed at today's public relations techniques which are designed to smother political debate with images, slogans, and catchwords. In 1952, you remember, it was "Communism and Corruption" and "I shall go to Korea." In 1956, it was "I like Ike" and "Peace, Progress and Prosperity.". And in 1960 it will probably be something about "seven wonderful years"—or more accurately, "seven comfortable years."

But whatever the slogans that are being tooled for us this year, we who trust the good sense of the people must report the facts and raise the questions the people must answer. In Jefferson's phrase, we must "cherish the spirit of our people," even though we will no doubt be accused of "gloom and doom," extravagance, hysteria, socialism, and, if Mr. Nixon again lets himself go, of something just short of treason. For, as Jefferson once said, "No experiment can be more interesting than that which we are now trying, and which we trust will end in establishing the fact that man may be governed by reason and truth. Our first object should therefore be to leave open all the avenues to truth."

In the months ahead, I hope his party, the Democratic Party, will open up the avenues to many truths, avenues that have been obscured too long. The people have a right to know why we have lost our once unquestioned military superiority; why we have repeatedly allowed the Soviets to seize the diplomatic initiative; why we have faltered in the fight for disarmament; why we are not providing our children with education to which they are entitled; why—nearly a century after the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments—all of our citizens have still not been guaranteed the right to vote; why we spend billions of dollars storing surplus food when one-third of humanity goes to bed hungry; why we have not formulated an economic development program geared to the world-wide passion for economic growth; why we have failed to win the confidence and respect of the billions of impatient people in Asia, Africa, and Latin America; why millions of Americans lead blighted lives in our spreading urban slums; why we have fewer doctors per capita than we did fifty years ago and pay more for our medical care than ever before; why we spent more money last year on tranquilizers than on space exploration, and more on leisure than on learning; why the richest nation in the history of the world cannot support the public services and facilities we must have not only for world power but for national growth and opportunity.

The people have a right to know—and their leaders have a duty to tell them—the truth about the nature of our crisis and the dimensions of the problems that will have to be faced by the next Administration. We are entering a decade of great decisions affecting our nation, our civilization, and our very survival as human beings—a decade as fateful for the republic as the one that began with Jefferson in 1800, and the one that began with Lincoln just a hundred years ago, in 1860. And one of the first of these decisions will be to select new leadership—leadership that will treat Americans as grown up people, that will help us understand our choices and our dangers, and how to cope with them.

The next President's task is heavier than any autocrat's because in the decade of the 1960's democracy and the slow process of persuasion must match the efficiency of central planning and the swiftness and certainty of dictatorial decision. Our chief executive will have to be a man who agrees with Franklin Roosevelt's definition of the Presidency as "preeminently a position of moral leadership," and who deeply believes, as Jefferson did, that "the spirit of liberty, when conducted by public virtue, is invincible."

Jefferson was this kind of President. In 1800, we as a nation were a defenseless confederation standing at the mercy of two great world powers. Yet this was the nation that Jefferson proclaimed to be the strongest on earth, not because of its military might or its productive capacity—for it had little of either—but because its people believed profoundly in a moral purpose from which they could not be swayed, even when men in office sought to curb their energies and suppress their criticisms.

Jefferson believed that the American revolution belonged to all mankind. "The inquiry which has been excited by our revolution, and its consequences," he said, "will ameliorate the condition of men over a great portion of the globe." There was no lethargy in 1800, no confusion about our values or objectives. Excitement was in the air, for we stood as a nation at the head of a crusade for freedom that was just beginning to unshackle humanity from the servitude of centuries.

Today we are no longer poor and defenseless. We are by far the richest nation on earth and, until recently, the most impregnable. Yet, ironically, our actions have been timid and irresolute. Our leaders talk of freedom—and embrace dictators. We do not act as frightened as we did during the shameful McCarthy era. But to millions of people just emerging from feudalism or colonialism we still look like a nation that has forgotten its revolutionary heritage and moral purpose, and that prefers the political status quo, business profits, and personal comforts to the traditions on which our republic was founded.

Rich and endowed as we are, the dominant concerns of our leadership have been almost wholly defensive. Our foreign policy has been dominated by sterile anti-Communism and stupid wishful thinking, our domestic policy by fear of inflation and mistrust of government. We offer aid less to help others than to shield ourselves. We have been reassured on the one hand that America has never been stronger or more prosperous or more respected in the world. And on the other hand we have been warned that in spite of a gross national product of $500 billion, bankruptcy stares us in the face if we divert any more of our wealth from private self-indulgence to the urgent task of meeting the challenge of a totalitarian society, already growing faster than ours, whose leaders are determined to remake the whole world in their own image.

And our leaders tell us in effect that if we can just balance the budget and produce more consumer goods, the Soviet challenge will somehow disappear.

This is dangerous deception. It is impossible to spend years traveling around the world, as I have, without a disquieting awareness of the thrust and purpose of Soviet society. Its leaders believe in their revolution as the leaders in the American Revolution believed in theirs. They are quietly confident that it will sweep the world, that collective man in a collective state is the ultimate unfolding of human destiny. Their agents are everywhere. No effort is too great that may help to realize their goals; and no corner of humanity is too insignificant to those who believe the whole human race is destined to become one in Communist brotherhood.

And beyond Russia, in a nation that our leaders pretend does not exist, there is an even greater thrust of power and purpose by 650 million Chinese under a system even more disciplined and under leaders even more dedicated to the triumph of their fanatical dream.

Our own leaders have deceived us by underrating the magnitude of the crisis. But haven't we, as a people, also deceived ourselves? The harsh verdict of history will be that our nation was quiescent and complacent, content with illusions; that we failed to insist, through our press and other agencies of opinion, that all the avenues to truth be kept open.

Our strength does not lie in the iron discipline of the state. Nor does it lie in the balance of a budget. It does not even lie in the productive capacity of our farms and factories. These are instruments of power, and we must wield them to accelerate our growth. In the final analysis, as Jefferson said, our national strength lies "in the spirit and the manners of the people." And late in life, Jefferson reflected upon the good fortune that "the full experiment of a government democratical, but representative, was reserved for us." But knowing that we would never be a perfected society and should never think of ourselves as one, he added, "and is *still* reserved for us."

The experiment, he knew, could never be concluded. Political action alternates endlessly between the great poles of attitude that determine policy. Periods of high purpose and endeavor yield to periods of complacency and relaxation, eras of energy and innovations are supplanted by eras of static timidity, stages of high public virtue are succeeded by stages of moral confusion, long years of struggle over mountainous terrain are followed by years of slumber in green valleys.

We are emerging—we must emerge—from one of these valleys today—with leaders who will have the courage to tell us the truth, the heart to inspire us, and the energy and wisdom to show us the way. We do not have such leadership now. Early this year Richard Nixon admitted that a crisis provokes demands that the President "lead the people up to the mountain top." And he added that this was the easy way, but not often the wise way.

Mr. Nixon is wrong. It is the wise way. But it is not the easy way.

And today, Jefferson would not understand why anything should stop us from showing this restless, inquisitive world—only now beginning to sense its common humanity—that our free civilization is just as vigorous as the Soviet civilization, and that we Americans are just as capable of great deeds as we were when our frontier was not the wilderness of space but the wilderness of our own continent.

"We are never permitted to despair of the commonwealth," said Jefferson. To do so would be the ultimate treason, the last refuge of the faithless citizen. But hope, in the face of universal and revolutionary change, cannot be sustained by platitudes and pieties. Publicity photographs are no substitute for making decisions; personal appearances in foreign capitals, for the hard work of imaginative diplomacy. Nor can we longer let our fears and mistaken priorities deter

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These have been tranquil, comfortable years, but the great decisions have been postponed. This is why the year 1960, like the year 1860 and the year 1800, is one in which the issues transcend all the usual political passions of a quadrennial election. This year we will be making a choice between two approaches. We shall have to decide whether to go on putting private consumption first or shift the first priority to our public needs. Not long ago, the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers said, "As I understand our economy, its ultimate purpose is to produce more consumer goods. This is the objective of everything we are working at: to produce things for consumers."

This preference for private indulgence to public need is a far cry from the ideals expressed by Thomas Jefferson. So long as this kind of thinking prevails in our leadership, America will continue to entice talented young people into entertainment rather than teaching; into high-priced psychiatry rather than low-cost public health. And America, as a nation, will be the weaker for it.

We can no longer pretend that the challenge of the Twentieth Century can be met with better detergents and more toothpaste—with private opulence and public squalor. It can only be met with better education and more attention to our public needs.

But to achieve a greater tempo in the development of national power, our President has told us that we will have to "take our country and make it an armed camp and regiment it . . . and get people steamed up like you did in wars."

Is the President saying that we cannot meet the Communist challenge without changing our system and giving up our freedom? Is he saying that our system of liberty is so fragile that it cannot keep up the pace in this great contest of national power? Is he saying that with a $500 billion economy the nation will be imperiled if it devotes a somewhat larger share of its resources to public purposes?

This is the language of those who fought Jefferson in 1800. It is the language of those who fought Roosevelt's great initiative, the New Deal, at another time of decision nearly thirty years ago. It is the language of those who have no confidence in the good sense of the people.

But our national character has not deteriorated beyond repair in this period of leaderless lassitude. Whatever their condition, Jefferson believed in the capacity of the people to rise to greatness once they know, once they are told, once they are summoned. In 1800 he brought a drifting nation back to a sense of its proper mission, not for the sake of any narrow, selfish nationalism but for those maxims of a free society that Lincoln reaffirmed in 1860.

So now he would call upon this still young, still vigorous nation to rouse itself and resume the everlasting work of preserving "the blessings and security" of self-government.

His power—his leadership—did not come just from the fact that he was a philosopher-statesman, a teacher, and that, in Henry Adams' phrase, he dared to legislate for all humanity. Rather his power lay in his unshaken confidence in the capacity for good in human beings, a confidence based not on fatuous illusions but on a clear, hard-headed realization that only on such a foundation could "the last best hope of earth" endure.

Jefferson's use of the power of the Presidency communicated a respect for the intelligence as well as the virtue of the people. As the avenues to truth are opened up, he would expect the people to understand the gravity of the issues and the decisions that lie before them. This is the Jeffersonian mission—the sacred obligation that confronts all Americans who honor his name today—the overwhelming challenge, the exicting opportunity to show the world that the American revolution still belongs to all mankind.

The Two Worlds

A SENSE OF SIN

by MILTON MAYER

This article is the concluding installment of Mr. Mayer's series of reports on a year and a half of living and traveling on both sides of the "Iron Curtain" in Europe.—THE EDITORS.

WE WERE PACKED, one Sunday evening, in one of the elevators in the lobby of the Hotel Ukraine. The Ukraine is twenty-three stories high, identical with four other rococo skyscrapers in Moscow, and there are not enough elevators to go around (or up and down). The young lady operator was pressing the floor buttons without looking up from the book she was studying, and the starter (an older young lady) was chattering with a friend. We just stood there, like an up-ended can of sardines with the lid off.

There was a sudden hubbub in the lobby, and two squads of square-faced soldiers came through on the double, carrying dismantled ak-ak guns, or bazookas, and steel cases of ammunition. We were all turned out of the elevator quick, and the soldiers with their munitions as quickly piled in. The young lady operator put her book down and without a signal from the starter the car shot to the roof,

and then another, and another.

"This is it," the American lady moaned, "this is *it*. It's an air raid. It's started. We shouldn't ever have come. I didn't want to come," and she fell apart. Some of the other Americans fell apart with her; the rest, of sterner stuff, stood sternly awaiting the end.

■

But life, apart from the Americans, went on in the lobby. If this was the end, the Europeans and Asians seemed to have expected it. Only the Americans were surprised. But there's always a surprised American who wants to see the fireworks, and this time one of them got into the elevator after it shot back down from the roof and pressed the Roof button. The young lady operator thumbed through her book—it was an English grammar—and said, "No before ten o'clock. Everybodies at ten o'clock."

There was nothing for it, and everybodies at ten o'clock shot up to the roof. And then the fireworks began, simultaneously from the roofs of all five skyscrapers. Sweating grimly, square-faced, deadly automatic and deadly certain, the anti-aircrafters loaded and fired their ak-ak; loaded and fired, loaded and fired. The whole sky was ablaze. At ten p.m. one Sunday a month the Red Army produces a fireworks display. The criss-crossing colors and patterns were magnificent. Five million Muscovites—and fifty Americans—watched the ten-minute splendor.

Precisely on the dot of 10:10 the display ended on all five roofs. The ak-ak was dismantled with deadly automatic certainty and the powder-stained squads again commandeered the elevators and shot down to the lobby and out on the double. The American lady was no longer moaning. "Wasn't it wonderful?" she said. "Wasn't it just wonderful?"

Not especially; we do it as well at home on the Fourth; better, because we wind it up with the flag in red, white, and blue rockets. What was wonderful was the American lady. What is wonderful is America, alternately stupefied by doom and tickled pink to discover that "they're just like us;" and always spellbound. We are watching Big Brother.

Here in Peoria we have hula-hoops, ice-cream bars, Elvis on the juke, a drink before dinner, the icecapades downtown, and a late TV show to top it off; and in Debrecen, Hungary, a city the size of Peoria, we had every one of those blessings all in one day—hula-hoop, ice-cream bar, Elvis on the juke, drink, icecapades, and TV. In the Slave World it's a little further between jukes, and in the Free World you get the TV sell for soap instead of socialism. Confidentially, it's not so hot there—or here. It's so-so both places, though I like it better here.

And *they* see *us* in the same two contradictory and hypertense ways that we see them. The little girl in Debrecen thought that all Americans were cannibals; now she thinks that all Americans (including elderly males) are hula-hoopers like her. The questions most often asked me in the Communist countries were these: "Do you all have your dinner cooked by a restaurant and brought in on a tray while you watch TV?" "What happens to a Negro who can pass the examinations for a university?" "Do you really have insurance against a heart attack when you go to a horror movie?" They, too, believe what they read in the papers.

But what every schoolboy—if no alumnus—knows is that there is nothing we don't do that they don't do. There is nothing that they are that we aren't. There is nothing we want than they don't want. The differences are all historical or geographical accidents. Name it; whatever it is, including the chain gang or the slave labor camps, or the gassing of the Jews or the burning of the Indians, it is, or was, or will be everywhere.

If we could see that circumstances and not nature determine the differences in human behavior, we could get a grip on our situation and undertake the liquidation of the present processes leading to disaster. If we can't, we must go on as we are, to disaster, because good must undertake to overcome evil (whether with evil or good) and people who think themselves better than other people are irresistibly compelled, and should be, to defend the good they embody by destroying the evil embodied in their enemies.

The one Himalayan obstacle to our salvation in the present crisis is the picture we have of other people. Can we change that picture without having to change our human nature? I have it from my old mother that you can't change human nature; but what if there is already within our nature an element which would enable us to overcome the one obstacle to our salvation, if a way were found to give it a chance to operate, an element presently repressed or uncultivated?

Two years after the bear launched the sputnik we still cannot imagine his being a man like us. How could we? How could we, the propertied, imagine this unpropertied man and what Marx called "the naked condition of his existence?" How could we, the unpossessed, imagine this naked man possessed of a fanatical faith? Balked by the limits of imagination, we settle *his* hash by describing him as a madman or a villain—the only two creatures we can imagine who do not conform to our propertied, unpossessed picture of man.

If we will reject reality, we ought at least to reject the imposition of our moral judgment on it. We ought not to condemn a man whose condition we cannot imagine. But our rigidity does not permit of our being consistent: He is at once a sub-man and a bad-man. We can only go on chanting, "He understands nothing but force." But he understands the need to reconstruct society, and we do not. It is we, not he, who are left understanding nothing but force. We are traumatized into the monster of our own nightmare.

■

If the monster would only go away—. But the monster will not go away. Or be blown away. It is not a bogy pasted up by a crazy Russian exile in a sidewalk cafe in Geneva. You would not expect the retired Chief of Staff of NATO to say what it is, but he did: "It is a world movement," said General Gruenther, "of the have-nots versus the haves."

Communism is an ancient, profound, and profoundly religious (and specifically Christian) theory of man and society. It has always been everywhere in the world, in all of our lives, in perpetual contest with capitalism. It is what we all practice in our homes—the burden according to strength, the reward according to need—and what we all preach in

church. It is only when we go to our jobs that we take it to be proper to practice and (in defense of the job-centered existence) preach anything else.

Communism is the response to man's wish to resolve the contradiction between the two lives we all lead. In its view man is so good that he can lead the one life all the time—the life we practice at home and preach in church. Marxism is this pleasant dream of man's nature so modified by materialist rationality as to deny his Fall and relieve him of the mysticism of grace in an age of unbelief.

Like all dreams, Communism—Marxist and non-Marxist—has great gaps on precisely that level, the procedural, at which capitalism, which is not a dream, is unanswerably specific. Jesus promised that all these things—the rules of procedure—would be added unto him who in faith accepted the Communist doctrine of burden and reward. Marx, having no faith, was smart enough to leave the gaps wide open. Plato had the dream, too, but, unlike Jesus and Marx, he tried to fill in the gaps, and Aristotle tore him apart on purely procedural grounds: "Everybody's business is nobody's business." But the dream remains, always rooted in the perfectibility of man.

Marxist Communism substitutes belly-hunger for the Fall as the obstacle to perfectibility. Denying grace in favor of bootstrapism it spurns as sentimentality the spiritual call to men to care for one another except insofar as mutual advantage is involved. Capitalism accepts man's fall and says, "Leave him lay," which may be translated into French as *"Laissez faire."* But there its spirituality ends. It ignores grace and denies bootstrapism and limits itself to the ancient but neither profound nor profoundly religious (nor specifically Christian) rules of the market based on the view that man is imperfectible and not much good.

Capitalism, in theory agnostic, is in practice necessarily atheistic; a capitalist who closes his shop on Sunday is simply a bad capitalist. Belly-hunger may be reduced by the profit system, but that is not its object; its object is profit. So, too, men's care for one another; the capitalist is called to this concern neither spiritually nor sentimentally, but insofar, and only insofar, as he can not get labor cheaper or customers more dearly. In a buyer's market for labor or a seller's market for goods the concern would ruin him. No matter how bad men are, says capitalism, their bad impulses, providing they are left unhobbled, will restrain one another.

In our historical, no less than geographical provinciality, we have identified capitalism, not just with Christianity, but with democracy. The first is theologically false, the second politically groundless. There is no necessary connection of democracy with either capitalism or Communism, except in so far as belly-hunger may be an impediment to the free exercise of political choice; in which case there is a suppositious connection with Communism. But both systems have existed, and do exist, under political tryranny.

The power of Communism is not the reality, the procedure, the practice, but the dream. Whoever says in his old age that he was a radical when he was young means that he believed in some part of the Communist dream. Marx's "immediate program" for the Communist minority a century ago has become the actuality of every nation, including our own, which regards itself as progressive. Communism will always appeal to social idealism, capitalism to individual self-interest; and the unselfish advocate of capitalism will always be the man who sees it as the regrettable corollary of a regrettable human nature. And no matter how badly one or the other works, the realist (selfish or unselfish) will never abandon the necessity of the one, or the idealist the dream of the other.

To say, then, as Aristotle does, that Communism won't work, or that the experience of it in this or that society proves that it won't work, is to miss the point. We don't ask if it works in the home or the church; we say that, however well or badly it works, there is no other way to run a home or a church. The Communist—including the atheist Marxist—is a man of faith. And faith will always test itself and for its failure prescribe greater faith, and test itself again. There is no way to stop Communism. War—including victorious war—is irrelevant to it except in so far as it spreads the conditions under which the need to reconstruct society is more widely and deeply felt.

The American possibility here is, first, to recognize that there is no way to stop Communism, no more in other men's states than in our homes and churches, and, second, to try to correct its shortcomings in practice. Now nothing needs correction as badly as other people's shortcomings; but one of their shortcomings is their resistance to our good advice. If, however, their shortcomings turn out to be identical with our own, we can correct them by correcting our own. What Communism needs is a shining example.

Our task is to contribute our energies to the dream, so that it will work as well in society as it does in the home and the church. But we are chained fast by the nightmare, and this is where we came in. Unless we can dissolve the nightmare, we shall be able to recognize neither the fundamental good in the evil of the Communist world nor the fundamental evil in the good of our own. Dissolution of the nightmare, not armament, disarmament, technical assistance, or co-existence, is the condition of a detente. The cause of our immobilization has got to be eliminated before we can move at all.

Its elimination requires, not a change in human nature, but a good, healthy, red-blooded and red-handed un-American sense of sin. Our earliest ancestors had it, and so did the Russians' latest. It is lost in both places, and in both places for the same reason: material triumph. We and the Russians both think we're wonderful. We're deeper in the pit than they are because we got into it first. And what we know in our bones—and show in our demoralized national be-

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havior—is that we are not wonderful at all.

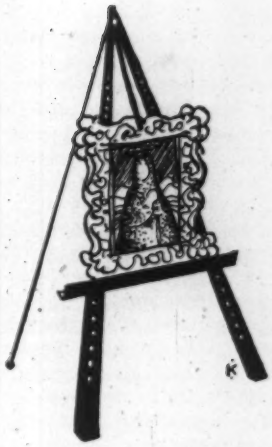
Our anti-Communist howl is the howl of a cry-baby. Without a sense of sin we are amazed at our being in trouble. It isn't *right* that superior people like us, who haven't done anything wrong, should be falling on our faces. It isn't right that Communist wickedness should prosper the way it does. Well, sir, God says to each of us, "Here is my creation. Take what you want from it—and pay for it." We have gorged in a belly-hungry world and the belly-hungry are presenting the bill, in behalf, of all things, of God.

It costs the American Friends Service Committee two cents to provide a hot meal for a belly-hungry child in the province of Orissa, in India. I was saying this the other night in a local saloon, where people were paying anywhere from $3.50 for a steak sandwich to $6.00 for a steak, plus, of course, drinks. I said that we couldn't be expected to change our habits—it's all a person can do to keep from getting to be any worse than he already is—but that the food and the drink ought at least to taste bitter. "You're breaking my heart," said a drunken lady in the audience, and she handed me a nickel. Two-and-a-half hot meals. She didn't know it, but I was breaking her heart.

Not to stop sinning, but only to know we have sinned and are sinning; to recognize that we've got it coming to us, whatever it is and whoever presents the bill in whatever form. Not repentance, but confession. Not to change our condition, but only to know it. Is this outside our nature? I think not. And if this is possible to us, then daybreak is possible, and the end of the nightmare.

As long as I see myself sinless and my brother in Russia and China as sinful—as indeed he is—I shall pursue his destruction. I must. I should. Good should not, and will not, willingly co-exist with evil.

When I can see in my brother in Russia and China the good that is in me, and in myself the bad that is in him, I can speak of co-existence without the hyprocrisy that he, no less than I, discerns in my oratory. Which of us had the two cents to go to the belly-hungry child? Which of us went? I need nothing—nothing—but a sense of sin for my salvation here. They say that it comes in handy hereafter, too.



Beatnik of Paris

by ALFRED WERNER

WITH THE MOUNTING popular participation in art—our art museums and galleries are nearly always crowded, auctions are well attended, and almost everyone from four to eighty-four is painting—curiosity about the skilled maker of art has reached a new peak. What kind of man is he who, squeezing pigments from a dozen tubes, and arranging them on a white area, is capable of expressing, through color and line, the yearnings of an entire generation? And what sort of magician is he who can see a living form in an uncouth block of stone, and, with a chisel, "liberate" it from the imprisoning rock?

Never before has this question been asked so often, and never before has there been such a flood of books about those artists who wrecked their lives to achieve the greatest purity of their art. Van Gogh went hungry for days to be able to buy pigments, and Gauguin continued to paint even after his body was covered with frightful sores. Modigliani preferred penury to selling a work to a collector whom he disliked.

There is another kind of artist, and his type has never been represented more convincingly by anyone than by the Bulgarian-French-American painter, Jules Pascin, whose suicide three decades ago is still a great puzzle. The gods had endowed him with many gifts: he was attractive and accumulated many devoted friends; his talent for drawing was so fabulously deft that when he was barely twenty the fame of his magic line had spread to all the art centers of Europe. So eager were magazine editors to shower him with assignments and collectors to acquire his works that he was able not only to support himself in a princely manner but to take crowds of friends and hangers-on to expensive restaurants and night clubs and to provide for the needs of many a destitute model or neighborhood child. He had a nimble mind. He was blessed with a good physique that should have guaranteed him a Biblical age and perhaps a few additional years—but he wrecked his body carelessly through drink and dissipation.

Yet the most talented artist who appeared, in the 1905-1930 period, in the cafes of the Boulevard Montparnasse, the Bohemian hideouts of Munich and Berlin, and the speakeasies of Greenwich Village, was also one of the unhappiest of men. Pascin had the ability to love—yet was incapable of remaining with his legal wife, herself a gifted painter, for more than a few years, and he injured the next woman willing to share his unorthodox existence. He knew that he could, in a few superb swift lines, sketch a person or place in such a live, convincing way that all who watched him would break into spontaneous applause. But he never developed his potential gifts as did his contemporary, Picasso, who, week after week, set himself a higher task, who negated what he had accomplished yesterday in order to force himself to seek and find newer and more far-reaching avenues of aesthetic conquest.

ALFRED WERNER, Vienna-born art critic, has written and lectured widely in the United States and Europe. His articles on art have appeared in a score of publications including Commentary, The American Scholar, and the Chicago Jewish Forum of which he is an associate editor.

Pascin was as precocious as the great Spaniard: extant pencil sketches done in 1903 and signed "pincas" reveal a gift of observation, a sharp intellect, and a sureness of hand that have no parallels in art history, unless one goes back to the juvenilia of a Raphael or a Duerer. Two decades later, all the charm and wit were still there, and the sketches appear to be accomplished with an almost alarming swiftness and dexterity. But one does not feel the touch of the wise, mature man; at forty, and even at forty-five (his last year), Pascin remained the clever boy whose emotions had not grown with his skill.

One characteristic links Jules Pascin in France, Scott Fitzgerald in America, and the "beat generation" of San Francisco: their refusal to grow up. The legends still current about the painter and the writer make each appear to have been rather silly at times, and occasionally even despicable. When violently drunk, as they often were, they could be aggressive and pugnacious, though the more gentle Pascin would never indulge in the sheer rowdyism of his American counterpart. Pascin was thirty-five at the start of the "Roaring Twenties," when he really came into his own. The Jazz Age, with its stress on youth, sexual freedom, and social irresponsibility, did not find a more fervent adherent than this self-taught, self-made artist who had run away from a bourgeois home while little more than a child, who knew allegiance to no country (a native of Bulgaria, he had somehow become an American citizen as he somehow had become legally wedded to Hermine David, but he took neither formality seriously), and who found all he needed in any atmosphere of enough hard liquor to drink and enough "Lolitas" to pose for him.

Towards the end of his life, some American friends were disturbed by Pascin's undisguised despondency and urged him to consult a psychiatrist. As far as we know, he never did. Psychoanalytic treatment might have cured the artist's self-destructiveness and might have taught him that one could live happily without Pernod.

I was reminded of Pascin when I read a psychiatrist's recent description of the "Beat Generation": "The externalized acting-out of internal conflicts and needs rather than a conscious and deliberate response or rebellion toward alleged states of affairs in contemporary society."

There is something macabre in Pascin's enormous unconcern about the state of world affairs. Little mattered to him except the numerous appetites of his body. He was not at all concerned about theories of art; the current trends of his day, such as Fauvism and Cubism, made their impact on his work only indirectly. The most significant action of his lifetime was escaping, right after the outbreak of World War I, from Europe to the United States, in order not to be involved in the conflict.

To see the dedicated artist for whom the act of painting is a solitary prayer, one must not turn to Pascin. He mass-produced with the same effortlessness with which Scott Fitzgerald wrote one short story after another; the pictures and stories were masterpieces despite the lack of involvement on the part of their creators. A contemporary described the atmosphere in Pascin's celebrated atelier on Boulevard Clichy:

"He lived in an absolutely negative atmosphere. He did these [the pictures] even when surrounded by his friends. His studio in Montmartre was usually crowded with hangers-on of the 'great Pascin.' There would be couples making love, others recovering from hangovers, some sleeping, some drinking, most of them making a great noise, and in the middle Pascin painting or drawing with absolute unconcern."

He painted prolifically because he needed money—for drink, for visits to the notorious rue Blondel, for the banquets he gave to anyone willing to admire him, and for the trips that took him to America, North Africa, Greece, and Spain. He rarely produced anything which required careful planning. He was temperamentally unfitted to spend more than a couple of hours on a picture and was through with a portrait in an afternoon's session. One is reminded of certain "action painters" of our time who drip or throw their pigments on the canvas with the utmost nonchalance and speed (except, of course, that Pascin was committed to the classical construction of a picture)—or of certain "beat" novelists who proudly proclaim that they never stop in their writing to correct an error or rewrite a line.

Perhaps Jack Kerouac must mail his "prose" right after he has written it, because he might tear it up were he to read it later with a critical mind. Perhaps Jackson Pollock's repetition of his "drips" and the lack of new pictorical ideas drove him into heavy drinking and to the murderous motoring that led to his death. Pascin, though born decades earlier, belongs in their company. Like them, he was a childman, who sought and found immedate gratification of his senses. Reading about Pascin's sophomoric pranks, his lavish drinking parties, and his motto, "Take what you want from life, if you can get it," you might think that you were in the San Francisco of 1960 rather than in the Paris of 1929, with only one difference: that the beatniks have not yet produced anyone who has a tiny fraction of the talent of a Pascin, or a Fitzgerald.

In a sense, the "beatniks" of the 1920's were a menace to society insofar as they "preached"—through their own manner of living—an attitude towards society that left little hope for man's survival. Emotionally bankrupt, the geniuses of the Twenties were superseded by men with

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The Progressive
Madison, Wisconsin

stronger nerves and a more mature view of the world into which they had been born—as Hemingway would replace Fitzgerald and Picasso the possibly no less gifted Pascin. The leadership went to the men with the ability to control themselves and others. His genius completely burnt out, Fitzgerald died in Hollywood as a literary hack. Pascin did not wait for death to come naturally and remove him from a scene long after he had ceased to be of any consequence. On his last trip to New York, after leaving a night club, he confessed to a friend, "I am the unhappiest man in the world," but offered no further explanation. This was an odd statement to come from a man who, though only in his early forties, had long become a legendary figure as a brilliant libertine who held elegant orgies. What caused him to end his life? A quarrel with Lucy Krohg? The aggravated condition of his liver? The fear of getting old?

All these notions must have played a role on the fatal day, June 2, 1930. One would underestimate Pascin's intelligence were one to ignore completely one important factor: the apparent deterioration, or stagnation, of his art. At the height of his fame he said to a friend, "I am disgusted with myself," adding, "I sell my pictures *au numero*." In the language of Montparnasse and Montmartre, this meant that he was so successful and so much in demand that dealers would purchase his canvases before they were painted, ordering by size.

I have seen mediocre Renoirs, inferior Picassos. I have never seen, and never expect to see, a bad Pascin. It was his doom that his inherent gifts never let him down, that the 500th doll (draped or undraped) that he painted looked not a bit less enticing than did the fiftieth. But to see more than twenty or thirty of his works in an exhibition gives one a great shock. There is something inhuman about the perfection: the facial expression that is nearly always the same complacent negativism, the line and color that never go astray, the sexuality that is invariably faded and sated.

"When in the end he realized that this single theme [the tragic dilemma of feminine sensuality] would lead him to repetition, he preferred a violent death to an artistic decline." I do not think that the mourners who gathered inside and in front of the house on the Boulevard Clichy, where the tragedy had taken place, would have commented on this summing-up by an American critic with anything but an angry, "*Merde!*" All that mattered to the mourners, and even the children of the artists' quarter, was that an unusually kind and wonderful man, whose hospitality had never known any bounds, had gone. He had hanged himself in his studio, slashing his wrists with a razor to make sure that nothing would go wrong. Before losing consciousness, he had dipped his finger into his blood and scribbled on the wall, "Pardon Mucy." The message was addressed to his estranged mistress.

Suicide is probably rarer among creative artists than among any other group. Egotism, ambition, the sense of a mission, and the pleasure derived from sensations and things ordinarily unknown to others give the artist gratifications that make a life worth living even though it may seem unbearable to an objective observer. Pascin's undoing was his enormous talent, and a success that came too early. Cezanne was fifty-six when he had his first one-man show, and to his end, a decade later, remained unsure as to whether he had "realized" his vision. Pascin, by contrast, was bored, he was "beat." Still, what distinguishes him from many beatniks of today was one true quality of the artist that never left him: work never stopped. He drew whenever a piece of paper was available, or the top of a cafe table and the burnt-out ends of matches.

Unlike those half-artists who merely dress, walk, talk, and "sin" like artists, Pascin worked feverishly, like a monomaniac—even when the initial enthusiasm had gone. Reviewing the Pascin show at the Perls Galleries, New York, last year, Robert M. Coates, writing for *The New Yorker*, astutely noted "a certain callousness" in the artist's approach to his sitters—"as if he were too little concerned about the being inside the envelope." Even at seventy, Renoir painted his models with all the affection a man can feel for a lovely young woman. Pascin was bored by his models before he was forty. These teen-agers had no soul, no life, no individuality, so far as he was concerned, only fascinating flesh.

Only a first-rate novelist might be able to probe into the strange life of this egomaniac who left thousands weeping for him, who played on a lute with only one string, and yet produced a melody that has haunted two generations—and, in all likelihood, will linger on for decades to come. Pascin ran away from family, religion, nationality, wife, mistress, even the responsibility to art, stopping suddenly at a time when, for most creative men, their second, better phase of creativity begins. Only a poet can bring him to life again—the dapper little man, dressed in black, a white scarf around his neck, his derby slightly tilted over his black hair, always smoking, always drawing, always telling funny stories—yet often feeling more desperate than even the poorest of the little girls who slipped into his studio to find shelter and food. To portray him, a writer would have to reconstruct a period in which hedonism co-existed with self-destruction, and even the wailings of the saxophone were unable to silence the beatings of many an anxious heart. Above all, he would have to resuscitate the artist, Jules Pascin, who was beaten by life, but whose art beat death itself into submission.

The Truth About Nixon

by WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Because of a flood of requests from subscribers, we have gone to press with a reprint of Shannon's article on Richard Nixon.

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The Progressive
Madison, Wisconsin

Liberalism and Realignment

Dear Sirs:

James A. Wechsler's "The Liberal Retreat and the Need for Political Realignment" in the May issue of *The Progressive* is an unusually fine article in style and substance. But there is something lacking—namely, a positive program based on a positive philosophy. The kind of two-party division that he—and I—want won't be brought about by a division "within the broadly defined categories of 'liberal' and 'conservative.'" The words are far from self-defining. (Mr. Wechsler feels obliged to put them in quotation marks.)

The all-important questions of foreign policy on which the world's peace depends cut across such groupings in the United States. Mr. Wechsler doesn't discuss what we not too accurately call "foreign" policy today, but the problems it presents can neither be evaded nor solved by the more or less interchangeable generalities about peace, it's wonderful, in which Presidential aspirants now indulge. You can't get a more realistic party alignment and pussyfoot about conditions of disarmament, the need to strengthen the United Nations, recognition of China, and an adequate program for using the world's marvelous skills and resources for the conquest of poverty.

It is true that "our political warriors" need nerve, but they need something deeper which, on Mr. Wechsler's own showing, Americans for Democratic Action has not provided. And that is something like a basic philosophy such as many of the outstanding labor leaders and liberals found in socialism in their younger days. The Roosevelt-Truman pragmatism had its uses, but it ran down when it lost the ideals and ideas which it had largely derived from socialism and a simpler but more deeply rooted progressivism of the earlier decades. It and its adherents have found no substitute.

Many socialists and progressives in and close to the labor movement once hoped that in a labor or farmer-labor party, enlightened class interests would more or less automatically furnish the ideological and practical basis of a new party. Mr. Wechsler's own analysis shows how that hope has waned. Labor, powerfully organized in its own unions, is a necessary force for the success of any "liberal" program. But organized labor today is no longer a kind of surrogate for "the people" and its own recognized interests no sure guide to a program that will awaken, inspire, and guide Americans to the ends dear to Mr. Wechsler's heart—and mine.

This, I think, is where socialism comes in. It can't merely parrot old programs; in its essential outlook in economics, race relations, and international cooperation, still lies our greatest hope. And the Socialist Party is making progress in saying what socialism ought to mean in our day for freedom, peace, and plenty.

NORMAN THOMAS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

At the end of his provocative article in which he calls for a rebirth of liberalism through Americans for Democratic Action and labor, James Wechsler says, "It is time for a new beginning."

The new beginning, I submit, is already under way. It is taking place in state Democratic organizations. I can speak with considerable knowledge of the growth of a liberal, issue-oriented Democratic Party organization in Michigan; and Michigan is not alone by any means. Similar growth has taken place in a number of states—Minnesota, Wisconsin, California are examples. Furthermore, in the legislatures and governors' offices of many states, there has been progress in liberal programs.

Recently the fourteen States of the Democratic Midwest Conference met in Detroit and adopted a series of statements for distribution throughout the party. These statements were liberal documents. They made specific recommendations in the areas of peace, economic growth, human welfare and aging, metropolitan problems, agriculture, natural resources, and civil rights.

A decade ago, the Democratic Midwest Conference was a loose gathering which exchanged pleasantries, heard a banquet speaker, and adjourned. Now it is a hard-working programmatic conference which speaks out on issues of concern to its member states.

Liberalism is growing in strength in the Democratic National Committee. Certainly Chairman Paul Butler has been outspoken on the liberal side. The Democratic Advisory Council has gone a long way toward giving the Democratic Party a liberal national voice when, as now, the Presidency is held by a Republican.

The House Study Group, the informal organization of liberals in the House of Representatives, is yet another example of the liberal movement.

To harvest this crop of liberalism requires a national leader. Never has the opportunity been better for a Democratic President to gather a new liberalism together and regenerate the nation in the process.

Wechsler's theme seems to me to overlook grass roots progress already under way. I am more optimistic about the record of the last decade, particularly in the state organizations of the Democratic Party. I admit we need a Washington breakthrough, but we are knocking on the door.

A formal alignment of the liberal elements in labor with ADA would not, it seems to me, produce any basic realignment in American politics. Each plays an effective role in its own way now. The existing political parties are, I believe, still the best vehicles for the expression of the American political consensus. Obviously, there is much room for improvement. Obviously, there must be a further demonstration in Congress of the growing liberalism of the Democratic Party.

Three factors can trigger a new era of liberalism: a liberal Democratic President in 1961; a two party system in the South; true apportionate representation in the states and in Congress. While the latter two may be more permanent in their effect, they will be slower in coming. However, 1961 can easily inaugurate a new era of imaginative, dynamic progress at home and abroad with a Democratic liberal in the White House, and an increasingly liberal response in Congress, to unite what is now going on and fashion it into a new national liberalism.

G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
Governor of Michigan
State Capitol
Lansing, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I stand in the Senate, Mr. Wechsler in the editorial office of a liberal newspaper. So it is natural that we should see things differently.

To me the problems of liberals can be solved if one of us moves into the White House next January. Our frustrations for the last eight years have been almost entirely the result of a lack of liberal leadership from that end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

James Reston, chief Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, put it well recently when he spoke of the struggle of the Humphrey-Kennedy-Stevenson forces for control of the Democratic Party machinery against the "centrists" led by Messrs. Rayburn, Johnson, and Truman. I am reasonably confident that the Democratic nominee for President will come from the former group and will be the next President of the United States.

Far be it from me to belittle Americans for Democratic Action, to which I proudly belong. Far be it from me to minimize the importance of organized labor with whose views I am in general sympathy. But let's face the fact that the influence of ADA is relatively small and the influence of labor has been badly hurt by Jimmy Hoffa and the revelations of the McClellan Committee.

The rules and customs under which Congress operates require liberal Presidential leadership to enact liberal legislation. Senators Russell and Eastland, and their cohorts in the Senate, plus Representative Smith and his friends of both parties on the House Rules Committee, could command enough strength to defeat a good civil rights bill because Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn were unwilling to

defy the Republicans and join the liberals.

Next year a liberal Democratic President can require these men to carry the Democratic platform into effect under pain of losing their positions of power. The help of the White House can produce the votes to do it, even if there should be no further liberal gain in the Congress as a result of the 1960 election. Therefore, I see no need for the drastic measures proposed by Mr. Wechsler. Nor do I think them politically feasible.

JOSEPH S. CLARK
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

American liberalism is broadly based, receptive to many interests, and jealous of any that would set itself up as predominant. It has a tradition that is humane, egalitarian, and progressive. But it has no ideology. (In Washington today Senators Joseph S. Clark, Hubert Humphrey, Paul Douglas and their like are not the ideologists; they are, on the contrary, the pragmatists, the realists, the men of flexibility.) American liberalism is also sprawling, quarrelsome, and often incoherent and confused.

As a set of ideas and social forces, liberalism has long since taken up its principal residence in the Democratic Party. In spite of pockets of reaction, the party as a whole is liberal.

For these reasons, it seems to me, proposals to form a third party or liberalize the Republicans are far-fetched.

On the other hand, I heartily agree with James Wechsler that every effort must be made to clarify and strengthen the liberalism of the Democrats. Given the nature of the party, this is a continuing and urgent necessity. There must be some organization that tries to meet this need. Like Mr. Wechsler I believe that in this respect the achievements of ADA have been notable and that its political leverage is substantial.

Like him I also believe that the quest for human equality in the United States—and elsewhere in the world—confronts the Democrats with a choice they cannot shirk. At the convention this summer the contests over the seating of Southern delegations, the adoption of a civil rights plank, and the choice of a nominee may bring on the showdown of which he speaks. Liberals, whether in ADA or not, should prepare now for these critical decisions.

SAMUEL H. BEER
National Chairman
Americans for Democratic Action
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

James Wechsler's "The Liberal Retreat" should have included comments on the retreat of moderates and conservatives, because we have witnessed a full-scale political retreat from democratic ideals. The blight of decay fell as heavily upon those who primarily seek to maintain the virtues and good of the past as it did on those of us who try to make changes and improvements in the name of progress.

The crucible of World War II and its aftermath molded new forces of fear and hypocrisy that undermined our faith in ourselves and in the democratic way of life. Military strength became a false god rather than a servant. Men of all political persuasions forgot that a free nation cannot endure if it places exclusive faith in military deterrence and police state security.

Even if loyalty oath education and cold war prosperity offered more material advantages—and they do not—than the democracy upon which we were reared, we must reject them for moral, spiritual, and practical reasons.

I am less concerned with a retreat of liberals than I am with their reluctance to fight. We have waited for a push from behind and have not been willing to risk paying the price of leadership. The modern parliamentary liberal rarely fights unless he thinks he can win, and the material rewards of success loom far too large when compared with fulfillment in defeat while struggling to adhere to principle.

Progressive action requires leadership that deliberately moves to the front and refuses to conform. Progressive leaders help to shape the times and refuse to be molded by pressure. They attract followers and build a movement by the force of character. They do not deny the inherent good in conservatism but they affirm the greater good in evolutionary change. They are radical only when inner conviction tells them that they proclaim a better way. This inspiration cannot come from organized labor or ADA or any group. It must come from individuals who share a common spirit and a common vision.

"The Need for Political Realignment" is simple. Our people are ready for a change. They have witnessed the barrenness of hypocrisy and fear. They want more integrity and less political artistry. They were never happy on Madison Avenue. They will choose a positive sense of purpose over a negative ability or an aimless drift. But they will demand leaders who have the courage to lead. Realignment and progress can and will come within or without the present structure. It all depends on where our people find the sparks of greatness capable of kindling a flame.

WILLIAM H. MEYER
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Notwithstanding James Wechsler's cogent criticisms, what is needed is not so much a new political party in the North, as two parties in the South with honest and frank talk about the race issue. Even getting more Southerners to vote can contribute to a realignment of parties and blocs in Congress.

But perhaps the more fundamental answer to Mr. Wechsler is this: The liberals had better accept democracy and the concept of majority rule. If the majority does not accept the view of the militant liberal, it is because the militant liberal has not persuaded the majority of the reasonableness of his view. Moreover, any threats of a third party, since 1948, are childish and will be regarded as empty.

Let us put aside our daydreams as to how this or that organizational change will save us. Let us stop berating this group or that group that may have failed at some crucial moment. Let us instead renew our devotion to democracy.

The true realignment comes through open discussion and debate, and through defining the issues, which build understanding not only in others, but in ourselves.

Courageously facing truth, even unpalatable truth, is essential, because men can build sound structures only upon sound foundations.

Let us proceed with integrity, with humility, with courage, and yet with patience and forbearance for those who do not swiftly run the intellectual course. For in the whole sweep of history, it is clear that the preservation and strengthening of the institutions by which a democracy can reach consensus is of infinitely greater worth than hurrying to a quick decision at the expense of the basic machinery.

BYRON L. JOHNSON
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Corrections

Dear Sirs:

In editing my article, "Castro's Cuba" (May issue), one of your editors inadvertently ran afoul of Spanish nomenclature. I refer to the reference to Governor Luis Munoz Marin as "Governor Marin." This is a common error; "Marin" is the name of the Governor's mother, and "Munoz" is the Governor's family name. Thus Governor Munoz is the correct form, as I believe the original copy indicated.

And *norteamericano* is lower case, not capitalized. I note this for the record not to pick nits, but to offset complaints from Spanish-speaking readers who rightly whince at the barbarisms we gringos so often inflict on their language.

KARL MEYER
Washington, D.C.

'Menckenesque Vehemence'

Dear Sirs:

My old colleague, James Hazard, who calls *The Progressive* "barely literate" in a letter in the April issue, seems to have let his Menckenesque vehemence get the better of him.

Jim knows perfectly well that he would greet with joy unconfined the appearance, in any of his English classes at Connecticut, of one student whose prose approached in lucidity, ease, and force that of *The Progressive*. Unless, of course, the general level of freshmen writing has gone up since I last taught it.

This is not to say that the level of writing in *The Progressive* is not often disappointing. It rarely rises above the achievement of most competent but lifeless periodical prose. While the stylistics of *Time* show what horrors may result from a misguided attempt to inject life into periodicals, there surely must be a middle way for *The Progressive*. There must be a style, at once journalistic and dignified, which improves upon the *Saturday Evening Post*.

But to arraign a magazine for lack of dis-

tinction in its style is hardly to accuse it of crudity, vulgarity, and barbarism. Mr. Hazard's cause would be better served were he to pick his brickbats with more care. I hope he uses greater discretion in marking his freshman compositions.

SAMUEL MCCRACKEN
Madison, Wis.

Lindbergh's Anti-Semitism

Dear Sirs:

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," the quotation on your masthead, is a pledge. Nevertheless, your March issue contained an editorial headed, "Lindbergh and the Jews," which is a shameless attempt to cleanse with falsehood the record of a proved pro-Nazi and anti-Semite. "Woe unto you, scribes . . . and hypocrites!"

On pages 192-193 of his book, *The Fateful Years*, Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, states:

> "Lindbergh was very busy in England in the autumn of 1938, making propaganda for Hitler . . . and he served Hitler well, not only at this time, but when war broke out. For then he urged in public speeches in the United States that no aid of any kind should be given us in our fight against Germany. It would be of no good, he said, for we were bound to be beaten, and he doubted whether we deserved help, anyhow."

There is much more concerning Lindbergh's pro-Nazi activities on the same two pages.

In Des Moines, Iowa, on September 11, 1941, speaking of "the Jewish people," Lindbergh declared: "Their greatest danger to this country lies in their large ownership and influence in motion pictures, our press, our radio, and our government."

Lindbergh had the necessary courage for his memorable trans-Atlantic flight but, thus far, he hasn't had the "guts" to present his case personally to the public. Evidently he needs "spokesmen." To see editors of *The Progressive* among these "spokesmen" is depressing.

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," lest the editors of the *National Review* rejoice. Who could foresee *The Progressive* reselling the line of the *National Review*?

ALBERT D. PARELHOFF
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The technique in your Lindbergh propaganda is old stuff. The known anti-Semite Carl Jung openly served Nazism seven years but in 1946 was reintroduced as "friend of Freud and the Jews." Lindbergh, the known anti-Semite who cooperated with the Cliveden set and America Firsters, you depict as having been a martyr for the Jews. Your editorial becomes a collector's piece. When LaGuardia honored a pro-fascist he admitted his mistake was "a beaut." When you quote Truman Smith substantiate or apologize.

GEORGE R. WOODRUFF
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

When John Kerr was offered the part of Lindbergh in *The Spirit of St. Louis* he needed work but refused the part, explaining "I am not that kind of an American." With James Stewart, the picture lost millions. Your Lindbergh fabrication lost you the confidence of loyal readers. You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

RALPH M. BATCHELLER
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Lindbergh was never pilloried as you claim. How can you explain anti-Semitic declarations in Lindbergh's infamous September, 1941, Des Moines address? How can you explain his racist article, "Aviation, Biography, and Race," in the November, 1939, *Reader's Digest*? Your misuse of Christ's words for *The Progressive's* slogan is defilement.

STANLEY M. FABIAN
New York, N.Y.

Seneca Indians Need Help

Dear Sirs:

The Seneca Nation of Indians in western New York has a reservation along the Allegheny River assured to them by a federal treaty signed by George Washington. The Senecas once owned a large area, but surrendered most of it to the United States on the assurance that the small remaining part would be theirs in perpetuity, to enjoy "as long as the sun shall rise." The British at that time were trying to align the Indians against our new and struggling government, and the assurance of loyalty by the Senecas was no small matter. They have fully observed their treaty.

Now the U.S. Corps of Engineers has planned a dam on the Allegheny River which would flood nearly all this reservation except the steep, uninhabitable mountain sides. The Senecas have a strong attachment for what remains of their ancestral home. They came to me for advice. I told them that if this dam were essential to the protection of a great city such as Pittsburgh, in my opinion they should not object. They nevertheless asked me to look into the matter.

I found a rare geological fact, ignored by the Army engineers. In pre-glacial times the Allegheny flowed north. The glaciers dug a great hole and pushed up a dyke, turning the river south. By simply cutting through that dyke and using the "hole"—a near-useless swamp—for a reservoir, three times as much flood water could be stored as by the Army's Kinzua dam, and at less cost.

What the Senecas are asking—and *all* they are asking—is that this alternative, the Conewango-Cattaraugus Plan, be given a fully impartial and competent examination before a decision is made as to which plan to use. Notwithstanding the Corps of Engineers' repeated statements to the contrary, there never has been such an independent comparison. The Corps is strenuously opposing it.

The stakes are vast: the safety of a great city from extreme floods; the permanent removal of unwanted flood waters from the Ohio River; the massive winter storage of water against increasing need for summer augmentation on the Ohio; the honoring of America's oldest treaty; the saving of a very large public expenditure; the saving of a fine water level highway through the mountains; the preservation of one valuable recreation area and the creation of another; and the fact that because of its simpler construction, the Conewango project could be built in less time than Kinzua.

I urge readers of *The Progressive* to write quickly to their Representatives and Senators, and especially to those on the Appropriations Committees, asking them to have regard for the treaty with the Senecas, to work for a competent and impartial comparison of the values of the two plans, and to oppose any appropriation for the project until a genuinely independent examination has been made.

ARTHUR E. MORGAN
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Peace Workshop

Dear Sirs:

A community Peace Education Workshop is being sponsored by the Middle Atlantic Region of the American Friends Service Committee in Cape May, New Jersey, June 24 to July 1 in connection with the biennial Friends General Conference. It has been planned to be particularly helpful to active peace workers.

Information regarding this vacation in an attractive shore resort, providing an opportunity to delve into relevant present-day action for peace with like-minded vacationers, may be obtained from the undersigned.

BETTY HAGEDORN
Acting Peace Education Secretary
Middle Atlantic Region
American Friends Service Committee
20 South 12th Street
Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Sly Slanting, Petty Sniping

Dear Sirs:

For some years a subscriber to *The Progressive*, besides contributing a little cash, I feel entitled to a beef. When I first began reading it you ran an article about the failure of the Soviet agricultural program, replete with "pinko" sneers for one and all who regarded Russians as enemies. It was so slanted I nearly cancelled my subscription. Now, in the April issue, in "Those Doubting Asians" by Helen Mears, I find similar speciousness. Also, "The Affluence Peddlers" by Margaret Halsey, is somewhat beneath contempt, gossipingly malicious. Taking in turn the sly slanting and the typically feminine petty sniping, I would point out that:

The Hungarians and Tibetans were not aggressors. The Japanese were. Barring The Bomb (and who decided it must be dropped on *cities* to demonstrate its power?) they fared as well as they deserved. They weren't robbed of their machines and technologists as were the East Germans. With limited resources and limitless fecundity their living standards will remain low, but whose fault will it be? If Asians see things as does Miss Mears' synthetic "Mr. Rau" we had better be setting them straight.

"Affluence peddling" is a far-fetched conception, but bracketing Eisenhower and Nixon with such deceitful but pitiful heels as Whittaker Chambers and Charles van Doren is going far afield indeed. Most fair-minded people would concede that Nixon, in South America, acted about as an American would be expected to act.

C. J. SARVIS
Columbus, Ga.

Search for New Directions

Dear Sirs:

It is rare that liberals these days have the opportunity to sit down together and spend a full week in discussing the directions in which we are going, and to approach international issues in an atmosphere of truth.

Your readers may be interested to know that such a week is being sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee in Putnam County, New York. The theme will be "Search for New Directions: A Quaker Approach to International Affairs."

Resource people will include Eleanor Roosevelt; Norman Thomas; C. S. Jha, Indian ambassador to the U.N.; Homer Jack, associate executive director of the American Committee on Africa; Henry Cadbury, honorary chairman of the national board, AFSC; William Delano, national board member of the American Civil Liberties Union; Boris Karpov, Russian member of the Office of Public Information, U.N.; Stewart Meacham, director, International Affairs Program, AFSC; Christopher Emmet, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Round Table, WEVD; Ajai Mitra, first secretary, Permanent Mission of India to the U.N.; and Robert Gilmore, secretary, the New York City office AFSC.

The institute will be held August 13-20 at the Homestead, Carmel, Putnam County, New York. Registrations are limited to 80 people. For information, please get in touch with the AFSC office, 237 Third Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.; GRamercy 3-5998.

ROBERT GILMORE
New York, N.Y.

Progressive Invaluable

Dear Sirs:

I want to compliment *The Progressive* for being an intellectually honest, open-minded forum, in which issues and problems are responsibly discussed.

As a student of Portland State College and especially as a member of its forensic program, I find the information provided by *The Progressive* often invaluable. A pertinent example is your series on the Presidential candidates, which has been an excellent source of material for a similar series of programs we produce in cooperation with a local radio station.

BILL STEVENSON
Portland, Ore.

Krebiozen Untested

Dear Sirs:

A letter in the April issue of *The Progressive* deplores failure of the Food and Drug Administration to admit the "cancer drug" Krebiozen to interstate commerce. To allay any fears that cancer victims or the Krebiozen promoters are being discriminated against by the FDA, I would like to point out that the value of Krebiozen in any phase of cancer treatment is, to say the least, open to doubt.

This is inexcusable, since the substance has been in existence for more than nine years. But its promoters, headed by Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, professor of physiology at the University of Illinois college of medicine, have consistently refused to make samples available for impartial tests, or to disclose the composition or method of manufacture.

It would be a terrible thing if drugs were to be permitted in interstate commerce with no evidence of their value other than the claims of their promoters. The Food and Drug Administration exists to prevent just this sort of thing. Even as it is, unnecessary suffering and death are caused by reliance on worthless treatments—because the afflicted then do not get medical help in time. As for a "hearing," it is difficult to see how the FDA could hold a meaningful one on Krebiozen at this time: no experts, other than those with a direct stake in the outcome, have been permitted to test it.

GEORGE S. STANFORD
Hinsdale, Ill.

Shannon on Nixon

Dear Sirs:

Having someone from the New York *Post* write an appraisal of Vice President Richard Nixon was like asking the President of the Anti-Saloon League to give an opinion of Scotch whiskey. Why didn't you ask someone from the New York *Herald-Tribune* to do your article on Senator Hubert Humphrey?

CHARLOTTE MALSBARY
Charlottesville, Va.

Britannica Misquoted

Dear Sirs:

As a faithful reader of your fine magazine I came across a letter in the April issue entitled, "Joke of the Century," in which the writer quotes from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as follows:

> "Biological warfare . . . represents another attempt by man to examine and control the forces of nature *for the use of civilization.*"

I have read the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1959 edition, in which the article on biological warfare appears. Therefore permit me to quote from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as follows:

> "Biological warfare—often referred to as germ warfare, bacteriological warfare or BW—represents an attempt by man to examine and control the forces of nature *for military use.*"

MURRAY A. BERMAN
Sacramento, Calif.

Satisfying

Dear Sirs:

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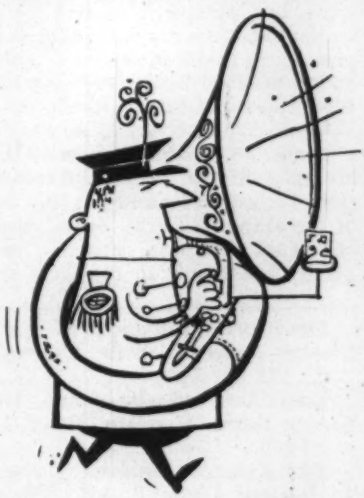
MARION GANS
University Heights, Ohio



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BOOKS

Goal: The White House

by RALPH K. HUITT

IN EVERY Presidential year since 1824 there has been at least one campaign biography, says W. Burlie Brown *(The People's Choice)*, and usually there have been several. Some of them (and some of the worst) have been written by distinguished men—William Dean Howells (Rutherford B. Hayes), Nathaniel Hawthorne (Franklin Pierce), General Lew Wallace (Benjamin Harrison), and Franklin D. Roosevelt (Al Smith).

Why are they written? Brown believes that the choice of a President is a "search for a symbol—a symbol that will represent the whole complex of ideals and beliefs that the American people have held dear." The nature of the symbol can be found in campaign biographies. They are stereotyped, and that is their appeal—"they create out of the raw material of the candidate's real life the biography of an ideal citizen of the republic."

The man who emerges in composite, from Brown's survey of more than a hundred biographies ranging over nearly a century and a half, is the prototype of the American success story. He began humbly. His mother taught him virtue. He valued education, frequently struggled for it, but he was no grind. History was his favorite subject, but he was essentially a practical man with no love of learning for its own sake. He is a man of peace, but at the first sound of war he takes to arms, the citizen soldier who earned leadership by sharing the hardships of his men. He has served a sound apprenticeship in public life, but he is no politician (since 1840 that has been a bad word). An amateur who must be pushed into office, he is a lifelong partisan who puts principle ahead of party. His biography reflects the changes in American life. Before 1850 his family was hardly mentioned. Now it is important; Mother has gained in intellectual stature and Dad, since the advent of Togetherness, is a pal.

This does not do justice to Brown's study, but perhaps it conveys the essential idea—the campaign biography presents an idealized version of everybody's political hero. How does this 1960 crop fit that description?

None of these books is, technically, a "campaign" biography because they are all published before the convention. Technicalities aside, at least half of the authors—Burns, Mazo, Alsop, and Costello—have written "campaign" books only in the sense that they knew when to bring their books out. And the others—Amrine, McNaughton, Wellman, and Dineen—whose books are more frankly puffs for their subjects, give good factual accounts and have even raised some questions about their men.

Again, only three of the subjects—Nixon, Humphrey, and Symington—had to climb out of poverty and obscurity. Rockefeller, Kennedy, and Williams had the advantage not only of inherited wealth but of exceptional families who disciplined their children in industry and responsibility. What each of them has is an almost appalling willingness to subordinate everything to the achievement of a goal he has set himself.

The book which cuts deepest into the complex human being under scrutiny is, in my opinion, Burns' profile of Kennedy. It must have been hard to write. Burns obviously likes and admires Kennedy, and this is a crucial year for the Senator. Nevertheless, his evaluation is critical and honest. It must have been even more difficult for Kennedy to cooperate so fully with Burns without attaching conditions. The result does credit to both.

What comes through bears faint resemblance to the glamor boy whose autograph the schoolgirls want. Burns' Kennedy is a politician, tough, ambitious, resourceful. He understands the American system: party is more label than organization, and the Lord is most likely to underwrite self-help. He is a moderate by temperament and

---

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE, by W. Burlie Brown. Louisiana State University Press. 178 pp. $4.

JOHN KENNEDY, by James MacGregor Burns. Harcourt, Brace. 309 pp. $4.75.

THE KENNEDY FAMILY, by Joseph F. Dineen. Little, Brown. 238 pp. $3.95.

RICHARD NIXON, by Earl Mazo. Harper. 309 pp. $3.95.

THE FACTS ABOUT NIXON, by William Costello. Viking. 306 pp. $3.95.

NIXON AND ROCKEFELLER, by Stewart Alsop. Doubleday. 240 pp. $3.95.

THIS IS HUMPHREY, by Michael Amrine. Doubleday. 261 pp. $3.95.

STUART SYMINGTON, by Paul I. Wellman. Doubleday. 283 pp. $3.95.

MENNEN WILLIAMS OF MICHIGAN, by Frank McNaughton. Oceana. 246 pp. $3.50.

WHITE HOUSE FEVER, by Robert Bendiner. Harcourt, Brace. 180 pp. $3.75.

THE POLITICS OF NATIONAL PARTY CONVENTIONS, by Paul T. David, Ralph M. Goldman, and Richard C. Bain. Brookings Institution. 592 pp. $10.

THE VOTER'S PRESIDENTIAL HANDBOOK, by John A. Wells. McDowell, Obolensky. 208 pp. $1.45.

THE SPLENDID MISERY, by Jack Bell. Doubleday. 474 pp. $4.95.

1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, by Walter Johnson. Little, Brown. 390 pp. $6.

ORDEAL OF THE PRESIDENCY, by David Cushman Coyle. Public Affairs Press. 408 pp. $6.

political choice. Undoubtedly his money has given him massive advantages, but he has pressed them with the grinding, single-minded toil without which no politician would survive a day in the jungle where the big cats hunt.

Burns does not dodge the hard questions. He thinks Kennedy voted against McCarthy when he had the chance (he was ill when McCarthy was censured) but straddled on the man himself. He believes that Kennedy came late to an understanding of the McCarthy issue; he was a dedicated "bread basket" liberal, fighting hard for social welfare measures, but not fully aware of the civil rights dimension of liberalism. What worries Burns most is Kennedy's detachment—the lack of passion, of personal emotional commitment, which has been characteristic of him all his life.

Responses to such a book will be varied, but in my judgment this candid appraisal is the most convincing statement of Kennedy's qualifications I have seen.

It is some kind of tribute to Nixon, too, that he is the subject of three books which deal frankly with him as man and politician. Mazo's book is probably the most extensively researched of any reviewed here, and he seems to have had most time with his principal. Alsop's is briefer and more analytical. Both seem to be as objective as fallible humans can make them, with the tone friendly and the result generally helpful. Costello (who makes a point that his is an "unauthorized" biography) is careful in research and reporting, but Nixon comes out less well.

A case in point is the famous TV defense of Nixon's "secret fund" in 1952. Mazo's account is the most detailed and complete. Like the rest of his book, it is an admirable job of reporting. Alsop's account is much shorter, and it points up the decisions Nixon made which demonstrate his coolness under fire and his shrewd assessment of General Eisenhower's personality. Costello reports the same fact, fairly, but he goes on to question Nixon's ethics and some of his assertions.

The other, more conventional, candidate books bear out the trend toward sophistication reported by Brown. There is a *Rover Boys in Politics* tone to them, but they are not stereotypes.

Amrine's Humphrey is a small town druggist's boy who still pinches himself occasionally to see if it is really he who is running for President. It is, indeed; the maturing of the boy orator, to which people as diverse as Harry Byrd and Nikita Khrushchev have contributed, has not quenched the natural gregariousness (rarer in politics than most people think) which has been attracting people to him since he hopped counters in Dad Humphrey's store. This is the Humphrey everybody knows and most people like. But how does a kid in a South Dakota town *know* he is meant for big things? This is the central and most elusive question about political personality, and it is posed by Humphrey's story.

Wellman's Symington is the classic rags-to-riches story, even to the hero's marrying the beautiful daughter of the other party's Senator. What stands out, though, is Symington's outstanding achievements in business and government administration, in both of which he specialized in rescuing sick enterprises.

In a sense, Mennen Williams has reversed the Symington story. Born to wealth, Williams, without the help of the family fortune, revived the party cordially hated by his parents.

Robert Bendiner's little book, *White House Fever*, tells, in a sprightly and engaging fashion, about all most people want to know about the road these men must travel to the White House. The monumental volume *(The Politics of National Party Conventions)* by David and his associates goes over part of the same trail, examining each step. Its size and cost should not scare off anybody who really wants to know where Presidents come from.

John Wells' short book, *The Voter's Presidential Handbook*, is just what its title suggests: a compendium of information for the citizen-voter who wants to know what's going on in this election year. Wells describes the Presidential office—how it was established and has grown, and what it is today; gives succinct biographies and pictures of nine leading candidates; suggests how ordinary people can participate in party politics; and explains the procedures of primaries, conventions, and elections. It is hard to think of a question which might come up in the TV room which Wells has not anticipated and answered.

Jack Bell *(The Splendid Misery)* covers the stretch most candidates never make—one block on Pennsylvania Avenue. Bell believes that the country is in good shape when the President is in substantial control, but Congressional dominance means "reaction, stultification, and often near-disaster." He believes the American people sense the need for a strong President and want one—this in the teeth of their unflagging devotion to Mr. Eisenhower. But whether one agrees with him or not, Bell is always interesting; as a Washington reporter he has sat close to the seats of power for a long time and he takes the reader up there with him.

In *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*, Walter Johnson, a University of Chicago historian, focuses on the Presidency in the crisis-ridden years 1929-1959. His swift-moving recital reflects his long association with such Democrats as Paul Douglas and Adlai Stevenson, but his judgments on the four occupants of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue seem dispassionate and fair. Curiously, there is little generalization on what they and the times did to the job they held. An exception is Johnson's effective analysis of the revolution in communication technology which permits a modern President to deal personally with the vast public that relies on him for leadership and reassurance.

In *Ordeal of the Presidency*, David Cushman Coyle presents a fascinating, if grisly, sampling of the calumny Presidents have borne, from George Washington through F.D.R. My hunch is that it will not make any of the candidates back out.

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LESLIE FIEDLER
and the reluctant virgin

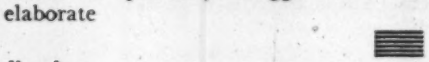
by FREDERICK J. HOFFMAN

IN THE PREFACE to his elaborate study of *Love and Death in the American Novel* (Criterion Books), Leslie Fiedler acknowledges four major influences: C. S. Lewis *(The Allegory of Love)*, "certain Marxist critics" (not specified), Freud and Jung, and D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*. Any one of these might be used as a beginning of this review, but it is obvious that the last is preeminent. Fiedler has long maintained he is the only living American who understands that book; and here, in more than 600 pages of cultural-sexual analysis, he attends to the task of making Lawrence's study a definitive one.

This is not to say that there are no differences. Fiedler joins an analysis of manners in the novel to Lawrence's pseudo-biological tendentiousness. Lawrence's book, which appeared in 1923, is a fascinating parade of half truths and compulsive assertion; as in most Lawrence criticism, there are many intuitively "right" observations, but also much of the "man preaching and declaiming." Lawrence's observations were a good and necessary form of prodding and probing of American self-esteem, but they were largely journalistic, uncomplex, and forcibly distorted. To take them as a major directive source of criticism is equivalent to committing oneself to the elaborate spinning out of half-truths.

This is essentially what Fiedler does. He considers literary criticism to be "an act of total moral engagement, in which tact, patience, insolence, and piety consort strangely but satisfactorily together . . ." This fine statement is like hundreds of "insights" his book contains: high-minded and earnest, and quite outside the range of precise verification, amusing and half-pertinent. Fiedler's pieties are much to the point. He is convinced of an absolute, and "ideal" form of sexual *engagement*, to which the heart and genitals are equally and fully committed. And, in his Freudian, Jungian, "Marxian" elaboration of Lawrence's description of American failures, he brings all of his powers of "patient" and "insolent" analysis to bear upon the subject.

The great source book of sexual combat is Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* (1747-48), which provided outlines of the archetypal situation: ". . . in which the Seducer and the Pure Maiden were brought face to face in a ritual combat destined to end in marriage or death . . ." The Maiden in this case exploits her virginity and the social and moral illusions associated with it to eminent advantage in American life and literature (the *text* of life is for Fiedler identical with the text of literature; nothing seems irrelevant, and the "worst" and the "best" are equally valid as documentary illustration). But the advantage is short-lived, and the purchase is proved costly indeed. There is a fascinating game, in which masculine-aggressor and feminine-victim exchange roles with bewildering speed and frequency; but the male wearies of the sport, which he consistently loses, and prefers to it de-feminized nature, or the great wide open spaces of Cooper's Leatherstocking; or gothic terror, with which (in Poe especially) are associated the pleasures of necrophilia; or an innocent "homo-erotic" companionship on a symbolic, extra-terrestrial raft or whaling ship. Each of these choices is a condemnation of the Pure Maiden's wiles, but it is also a false retreat from the central failure described in American fiction, the failure to achieve a sexual rapport, in which neither partner asserts superiority or aggressive sexuality.



In the Nineteenth Century, America becomes a woman's world, to which the male reluctantly submits; the woman reads and enforces the Puritan gospel, which in the beginning had been a severe "father-image" retreat from sentimentality; and she "corrects" male errors committed against taste and decorum. Literature is solely for the "genteel, sentimental, quasi-literate, female audience." Against this tyranny of sentimentality and Protestant "reform," the male fights bitterly and hatefully, until in modern fiction he reasserts himself as Lovelace, the author-rapist who treats woman with contempt and bluntly efficient "realism."

All of this is a foreshortening. The details are engrossing, though often given in awkward affectations of paradox. The tale of terror rises in esteem because of "the failure of love in our fiction; the death of love left a vacuum at the affective heart of the American novel, into which there rushed the love of death." In the distribution of moral imagery, the Indian and the Negro become projections of natural and social evil, the "id" and the introverted ego. In the sentimental novel, Richardson's man Lovelace is split into components: ". . . whatever is truly masculine and clearly attractive being identified with the 'good' and whatever is grossly phallic or unduly polished being identified with the 'bad'." In the curious history of

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JAMES A. WECHSLER,

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REFLECTIONS OF AN ANGRY MIDDLE-AGED EDITOR

By James A. Wechsler

Editor of the New York Post

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RANDOM HOUSE

this kind of fiction, the sentimental fights a losing battle with a reductive naturalism, until, in Dreiser, we have the "*absolutely* sentimental world, in which morality itself has finally been dissolved in pity . . ." Descending from his *Sister Carrie*, there is a long line of latter day Clarissas, who no longer count suicide the only consequence of folly, but end in "the split-level house beautiful of exurban New York."

One of the literary consequences of the American sexual failure is the retreat to childhood, to that point before the rigors of sexual maturity set in, when the undifferentiated terrors and privileges of life are not yet fixedly judged. The literature of childhood written for the pleasure of adults appeals to their nostalgic love of fantasaic reminiscence and turns them into pre-sexual children, the "Good Bad Boy" who remains forever immune from the penalties of growing up. Fiedler moves from this pattern into a discussion of the inadequacies of Fitzgerald and Hemingway. The former's early novels suggest him as the "laureate of the *coitus interruptus*." Hemingway's descriptions of sex are either intentionally brutal or unintentionally comic. In any case, Fitzgerald's Gatsby is a tragic victim of harsh female reality, and Hemingway's men are comfortable only in idyllic intervals when they are "without women," in strictly male situations. Sex leads to complication and bitchery, and Huckleberry Finn hurries back to the homo-erotic island-raft wherever and as quickly as he can.

There is much more, but these suggestions will prove the rest. Fiedler's main prognosis is Freudian (with Jungian after-images) in the large sense of a culture analysis that begins in the essential situation, of a stylized conflict between the evil male and the reluctant virgin. From the elaborate artifices of force and rebuff social implications emerge of a moral world dominated by literate and wily females. Though he briefly comments upon the 1930's novel of violence, Fiedler's "Marxism" is strictly a social extension of the sexual conflict. He is actually engaged in an analysis of the inadequacies of Protestant decorum—as was Lawrence, though neither seems able to define his object.

In a laudatory review (in which he condemns all but a few critics and scholars of American literature), Lionel Trilling called Fiedler a "conservative"—in the sense that his attack upon American literature is based upon his desire to "conserve" the precious image of sexual balance (and of course, familial and social balance as well).

This is surely a praiseworthy moral obligation. There is a serious question, however, as to its validity as criticism, as literary history, even as straightforward reporting. He must surely come close occasionally to the truth; he is at his best in analyses of obscure, unimportant, third-rate early American fiction. But Fiedler's failure as a critic is more and more obvious as he tries to interpret the more complex works of our literary tradition. The angle of vision and of judgment becomes less and less exact, until at times the eye observes only the outer margins of central works. Statements about *Huckleberry Finn* show a loving preoccupation (though a tortured one) with that novel; *Moby Dick* is curiously sliced into four portions, which are never significantly related to each other. He is at his worst with Henry James and Faulkner: for example, since James was not and could not ever have been a benedict, his "central intelligences" are *voyeurs* engaged in Peeping-Tomfoolery.

The approach leads to distortions, destroys or defies perspective, exaggerates some works out of proportion, and simply ignores others. (There are also many errors in minor details.) Worst of all, the analysis of fiction is bluntly and often crudely tendentious; Fiedler's "pieties" are offered sometimes with the subtlety of an

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When Theodore Draper's *The Roots of American Communism* appeared in 1957, under the auspices of the Fund for the Republic, ARTHUR SCHLESINGER in the N. Y. Times called it "the indispensable foundation for any understanding of American Communism." This new volume, closer in time to our own era, is even more revealing and rewarding. $8.50

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evangelical preacher with a "sound message" for unsound and frivolous people. There is no question of the "piety" of this critical engagement, nor of its "insolence;" but whether the act of criticism has in this case been one of *both* moral engagement and critical balance is surely a valid and important question. It fails, because the results are forced, inaccurate, and much of the time only subjectively valid.

Emergent Africa

THE DEATH OF AFRICA, by Peter Ritner. Macmillan. 300 pp. $4.95.

THE AFRO-ASIAN STATES AND THEIR PROBLEMS, by K. M. Panikkar. John Day. 96 pp. $3.

TOWARD UNITY IN AFRICA, by Donald Rothchild. Public Affairs Press. 193 pp. $5.

Reviewed by

Sidney Lens

To the hermetically-sealed patriot, the mystery of nations-in-revolution seems imponderable. Why don't they set up democratic governments, build some dams and factories, and be done with it? Ours is a simple good-and-bad-guy world in which Model Americanus is, and by right ought to be, the model for everyone else. The cliches around which we ourselves orbit—"free world," "private enterprise," "two-party system"—seem to us to be fitted for the whole universe.

We are fortunate therefore that the discussion of Africa is zeroing into our national consciousness. Here two of three authors dissect the problems with rare insight. Donald Rothchild's book, *Toward Unity in Africa*, may be dismissed as ponderous and thin. He is preoccupied with the question of how federalism should work in British Africa. Though he never says it, one gets the impression that he looks at the process of federation into larger economic and political units as a panacea. In didactic terms he relates the history of previous attempts, during the reign of the white man, without indicating that the social revolution now going on creates a fundamentally new problem. A few diplomats of the British foreign office may find this book of some value, but to this reviewer it seems an overburdened and vegetarian discussion.

Ritner's *The Death of Africa* and Panikkar's *The Afro-Asian States and Their Problems* are solid and ennobling books. Panikkar writes with the quiet poise of an Indian, condensing deep insight into a few pages. Ritner manifests the healthy passion of an outraged American.

Ritner, a former writer for the *Saturday Review*, gives us a bird's-eye view of the continent. He is appalled by the racism of South Africa, heartened by the independence movements. But he sees no hope for emergent Africa unless we in the United States propel ourselves into its problems. The fifty-odd countries will win their independence, but they will remain "pauperized" without outside help.

Ritner questions the validity of an American approach that includes a $40 billion military budget as against a $3 billion aid program. We have failed, he says, to "buy security with the arms race." We are unprepared for the "inevitable half-maddened eruptions of China." Our "creative genius has not been able to find itself in this Era of Standpattism." While this seems remote from the problem of Africa, he feels that the two are interrelated, that Africa is a test of whether the United States can survive. The Standpattism which ties our hands abroad ties them at home as well.

Specifically, Ritner favors establishing an Institute of African Affairs as a United States agency to make available $6 to $8 billion a year for African development. This might appear like flinging dollars to the winds, but the author is conscious of the problem. He wants to relate aid with "socio-economic reformation." Beyond that, he favors a boycott of Portugal and Portuguese Africa, an invasion of South West Africa—now held illegally by South Africa—and a boycott of South Africa itself until it enters the democratic age.

Ritner is an author to be read. Whatever the shortcomings of his book on isolated points, the dedication with which he propounds his views is rare.

Panikkar writes from the other end of the subject—not the external obligations of countries like the United States, but the internal difficulties of the new Afro-Asian states themselves. Consider the question of democracy. The new states have, in most cases, adopted democratic *forms*. But democratic content is much more difficult to achieve. It involves a subordination of the armed forces to parliament, an enlargement of education, and the bringing of people out of their tribalist and ethnic shells into the national political arena.

Panikkar probes into the problems of administration, education, economic life, and science. In each area he throws light on aspects seldom discussed in the West. The administrative apparatus of the new countries is badly handicapped by withdrawal of the top cadre of administrators. Economically, there is the task of industrialization along with the need to transform rural life along modern lines. Panikkar's thesis of "balanced" development is particularly incisive; it offers insight into the reasons some new countries, using "unbalanced" plans, must resort to severe compulsion and dictatorship. In ninety-six short pages Panikkar delves into the monumental complexity of social change, and he does it with both dignity and depth.

These two books—*The Death of Africa* and *The Afro-Asian States and Their Problems*—are excellent supplements to each other. Taken together or separately, they are meaty additions to an intelligent study of Africa.

Literary Panorama

LITERATURE AND WESTERN MAN, by J. B. Priestley. Harper. 512 pp. $6.95.

Reviewed by

Melvin J. Friedman

Percy Lubbock in *The Craft of Fiction* has used the labels "scenic" and "panoramic" to speak of two different types of novels: Henry James's *The Ambassadors* belongs to the first category because it dramatizes consciousness and intensifies experience; Tolstoy's *War and Peace* deserves the second because it is a "large and crowded" novel which ranges over a wide area. If one were to use the same terms in speaking of literary criticism, we should probably call J. B. Priestley's approach in *Literature and Western Man* panoramic.

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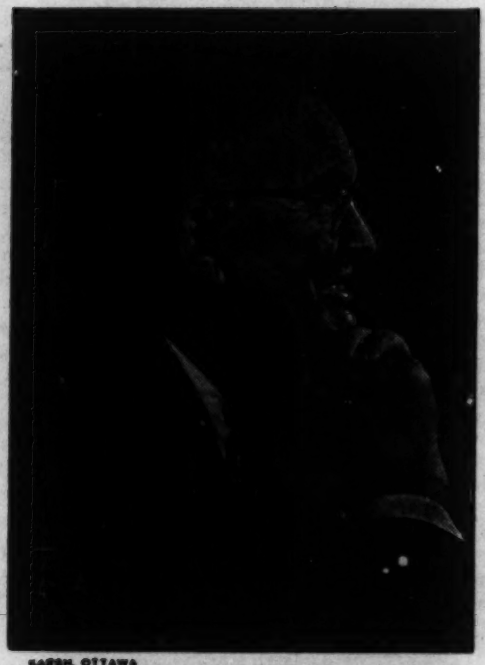

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World War II. Priestley admits he is not writing "a work of scholarship," nor is he trying to compile a literary history. He makes his appeal to the lay reader who is enthusiastic about literature but not professionally addicted to it. This claim is perhaps unduly modest.

Priestley's treatment of the first four hundred years—from the Gutenberg Bible to the Victorians—which covers less than half of his study, tends to be sketchy; one finds the old cliches and anecdotes, familiar to the literary historian, at every turn. In his account of the last one hundred years, however, Priestley manages many fresh insights and interesting literary analogies. He crosses linguistic and geographical boundaries at will as he painstakingly reviews the literary developments since 1850—perhaps giving too much attention to certain favorites like the Victorian novelists, perhaps passing too lightly over accomplished poets like Gerard Manley Hopkins.

Priestley sets as his principal criterion for choice of writers their influence on the development of Western literature. The test of universality as well as literary excellence is imposed before he makes up his mind about the final worth of a given author. His own biases naturally appear: he seems to prefer Fielding to Richardson and Sterne; Balzac to Stendhal; Pushkin to Byron; Georg Kaiser to Bertolt Brecht. He probably underrates Racine and Byron. He is almost certainly wrong in insisting about Joyce: "It is simply not true that he is the great influence in modern fiction. Not one younger novelist of any importance derives from him." Priestley has forgotten the obvious examples of Faulkner and Dos Passos: *The Sound and the Fury, As I Lay Dying, Manhattan Transfer,* and *U.S.A.* all owe a good deal to Joyce's *Ulysses.*

But these often curious judgments should not destroy our appreciation of *Literature and Western Man.* Priestley, in Anatole France's phrase, has allowed his soul to wander among masterpieces and the result is a sensitive work in literary criticism on a large scale. His accomplished belletristic style does wonders in arousing the reader's enthusiasm. But most important, *Literature and Western Man* manages to fill in an oblique portrait of a latter-day humanist, of J. B. Priestley himself.

All About Conrad

JOSEPH CONRAD, by Jocelyn Baines. McGraw-Hill. 523 pp. $8.50.

Reviewed by

R.W.B. Lewis

"CONRAD he could not endure," H. G. Wells said of himself in 1915, via his malicious fictional commentator, Boon. Yet America, Wells predicted, would naturally "adore" Conrad's "florid mental gestures," for America could tell that "Conrad 'writes.' It shows." Conrad's friend John Galsworthy, meanwhile, indicated in a letter to a friend the antiseptic terms by which Conrad might, after all, be found endurable to English taste: "He is perhaps the best specimen I can think of as a pure artist (there is practically nothing of the moralist in him) among moderns."

Though Jocelyn Baines, in his vast and factually exhaustive biography, is not unaware of Conrad's concern with moral issues, he tends to slight that side of him. In the interest of making Conrad not only endurable but attractive to his adopted countrymen, Baines plays down those florid mental gestures which have indeed been part of Conrad's appeal to the darker and more dialectical, symbol-loving American mind. Baines' long-awaited and exceedingly welcome study is also, consequently, a trifle disappointing to a certain kind of American reader.

All the evidence, however, is presented here for anyone who wishes a more searching or congenial assessment of the man and his writings. Baines, an editor at Longman's, Green and a reviewer for the London *Observer,* has gathered up every scrap of information about Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski from his birth December 3, 1857, near Berdichev in the Ukraine, to his death August 3, 1924, near Canterbury, England. The volume is definitive to the point of finality; it instantly replaces the studies in French and English by G. J. Aubry; and its utter dependability is strengthened by the author's clear, sharp observations on the undependability of some of the sources (particularly Conrad's own elderly reminiscences).

Of special interest, not surprisingly, is Baines' account—almost a third of the book—of Conrad's Polish and merchant-seaman years up till that winter day in 1894 when he disembarked from the steamship *Adowa,* returned to his rooms in London, and settled down only half-consciously to a life of writing. A few weeks later his uncle Thaddeus Bobrowski died: the last immediate link with Poland and childhood, the infinitely kindly person who had guided, cajoled, and financed Conrad through an unsteady adolescence and young manhood, was gone. Two months after that, Conrad was reporting to his beautiful Belgian aunt that *Almayer's Folly,* his first novel, was completed. In a relatively short time, as creative energy and critical reputations go, Conrad was renting a farm in Kent and exercising his art as an honored and accomplished neighbor of Henry James, of Kipling and Ford Madox Ford, and of his younger admirer, Stephen Crane.

It was an art which sprang, in the modern manner, from some deep, elusive internal disturbance, conceivably related to his abandonment of Poland at the age of seventeen. Baines is persuasive in deprecating the purely political aspect of Conrad's Polish dimension and inheritance. His father was an extremist in the fight against Russian oppression, and both parents died in exile; but though political conniving "was obviously responsible for the form that his misfortunes took . . . it is unlikely that his tortured nature would have fitted contentedly into any human society." When Conrad himself left his uncle's home for Marseilles and a career (ultimately successful) as a seaman, the impulse, Baines argues, was "a form of psychological rather than political claustrophobia." But the son had some of the father's tortured nature; and a life-long sense of guilt seems to have animated and constrained both the man and the best of his fiction.

The emotion was at once a cause and a deeper consequence of Conrad's attempt to shoot himself in Marseilles, in 1877—an event Baines pretty well established through a skillful study of Bobrowski's agitated letters; it was compounded further by the Congo adventure of 1890. Both the sense of guilt and the suicidal urge are central in the novels. Baines suggests that one can

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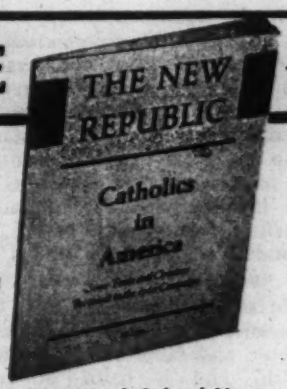

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see in the notorious "jump" of Lord Jim "a presumably unconscious, symbolical representation of Conrad's action in leaving Poland;" for it was Conrad himself who described that departure as "taking a . . . standing jump out of [my] racial surroundings and associations." Whatever its cause and however defined, Conrad was somehow wounded, maybe self-wounded, at the quick of his being and until the end of his life.

Surface signs were frequent fits of depression (connected of course with chronic and laboriously reported ill health) and a habit of psychic lamentation that make him at times distinctly boring, even insufferable. "He is terribly hysterical," said his friend William Rothenstein, "I am terribly sorry for him, but it is very hard at times to be patient." Ford spoke of "the bothered, battered person" who wrote innumerable woeful letters. But the woeful letters and the lamentation were the expression of something more radical than periodic depression. It was a question of "being." The dramatic force at the heart of Conrad's darkness and fiction, the force announced in Stein's speech to Lord Jim ("How to be? Ach, how to be?"); in the sinister whisper of plain Mr. Jones ("I am he who is . . ."); in the watery dissolution of Martin Decoud—this force derives from an imagination which knows what it means to *be* because it has always been half in love with easeful non-being.

This is to suggest that, beneath political anxiety and other apprehensions, Conrad suffered from what medieval theology called "accedia," a sin which is imperfectly translated as "sloth." It is, rather, a terrible paralysis of the will; it is a fearful numbing of the metaphysical nerve, an oppression in one's sense of one's own reality. It is "accedia" rather than stylistic pretentiousness that, in the mean word of Wells' Boon, "shows" in the stories, and which the American imagination has recognized with shock. Conrad's work is the consequence of an endless struggle against that condition.

The heroes of Conrad, in their various ways, are battling towards an achieved sense of real existence; ultimately, of simply being. And his stories, technically, are engaged in a similar battle—which accounts for the feeling we have that, over long stretches, the narrative has got frozen, the language is abundant but paralyzed, until both action and language erupt in a new flowering of vitality. Because he holds back from the radical or metaphysical basis of Conrad's trouble and his accomplishment, Baines' analyses of particular novels and tales do not offer very much. He comments on nearly all of them; but he is content with common sense and valuable but peripheral information.

Conrad is a narrative artist of genius who is also the literary grandfather of the contemporary European and American novel. He was the one to direct the attention of the novel towards the question that really plagues us; the question, embarrassing or frightening or overpowering, that lies beneath the questions about politics and psychology: what does it *mean* to be alive? For giving us in beautifully documented and thoroughly indexed form everything there is to know about Conrad, Jocelyn Baines has put us deeply in his debt, even though, perhaps inevitably, the knowledge remains peripheral, knowledge that shows us all that is around and about Conrad rather than what is inside his exclamatory and unrevealing nature, and inside his work.

Durrell's Clea

by Richard Schickel

Somebody has said that writing a novel is like performing a juggling act. You must get everything—apples, oranges, Indian clubs—effortlessly into the air, keep them going for a certain time in ever-shifting, ever-startling patterns, then catch them all again with the same graceful ease with which you started the trick and built in each new complication. In a novel you are not juggling fruit and wood, but characters, motivations, ideas, plot gimmicks, and the like—which makes the whole effort even more difficult. Just how difficult only those who have attempted the stunt know—that is probably why fellow artists are so taken with Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet," the last movement of which, *Clea* (Dutton), has recently been published.

Successful novels, unlike circus performances, must have meaning. The meaning of Durrell's work has received but scarce and superficial comment. That is not odd, because in the first three volumes one could only sense what he was driving at. The safest thing was to applaud the obvious skills of the literary man at work. How the words flashed, dashed, and splashed; what scenes of splendor and squalor; what a collection of grotesques and cripples they illuminated in their lightning flashes.

But, with *Clea*, Durrell's meaning is manifest. Still the silence persists. For the grand meaning is that the ideology of love is a lie. The value, the beauty of love, the only surviving tree of the romantic and mist-shrouded ideological forest bequeathed us by the Nineteenth Century is, he says, dead. That trunk, around which we dance so madly, singing our belief that it symbolizes the one true meaning of life, is no longer worshipful in the old ways.

The great critical cliche about Durrell's quartet is that it is an examination of every facet of love in our time. That is unarguable, but is it not curious that only at its very end, two people can meet, love, and live as they do in most novels and as they are alleged to do in reality all the time? This is not an examination, this is a pathologist's dissection, turning love over and over like dead flesh on a scalpel—and what a diseased thing it is. Time, perversion, stupidity, neurosis, psychosis, intrigue, indifference, even politics and religion have done their work on it. No wonder some critics say the book is "obscene," which in the common meaning of that word it is not.

What does "love as an ideology" mean? Just before World War II Thomas Mann wrote: "In our time the destiny of man presents its meaning in political terms." To which Yeats replied:

And maybe what they say is true
Of war and war's alarms,
But O that I was young again
And held her in my arms!

Love was raised to the level of ideology by Yeats and by a hundred others; it became an alternative to political, social, and economic action, an alternative to philosophy, religion, and, indeed, rationalism. How we hoped it was viable, particularly in the last fifteen years, when we have witnessed the failure of so many "big" ideologies, so many "big" systems;

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minds as generous as Camus, Tillich, and Fromm, not to mention lesser talents, have turned to love as an answer to our need for belief in something. Love, they say, gives meaning; find it and you will find meaning.

And here is Durrell, beginning every volume with a quotation from De Sade, philosopher and poet of the perverse, ironically laying his scene in one of those crossroad Middle Eastern cities that so delighted the Nineteenth Century romancers, telling us that this is nonsense. If, he asks, the great ideals of political, social, economic, and religious systems have failed to work because man's basic nature always pollutes them, then why should we think we are capable of making the infinitely more delicate dialectic of love work for us?

An interesting question, is it not, when stated so baldly? How infinitely more interesting it is when examined with Durrell's subtlety. He rings a hundred changes on it, shows it in the limelight of farce, in the purple of tragedy, worrying in every way at this idea which lies at the heart of his great work. But he is not simply another existentialist telling us that we are hollow men. He too offers us a hope, but a much more difficult one than that implied by the advice to go out and love somebody.

Try art, he suggests, for "to become an artist one must shed the whole complex of egotisms which led to the choice of self-expression as the only means of growth." He adds, speaking through the voice of a character: "This because it is impossible I call The Whole Joke!" But is it? Of course, the ideal is impossible of realization, but perhaps people can go far enough toward it to achieve some kind of meaningful happiness, perhaps they can shed enough of that egotism that foredooms most love to achieve at least a vision of good.

So Durrell gives us, in his last volume, the love of the poet-becoming, Darley, and the painter-becoming, Clea. The two achieve, at first, a kind of idyl, but then it sputters out. They drift apart. Then there is an accident—the result, significantly, of an intellectual's fooling around—and Clea's painting hand is torn. But fitted with an artfficial hand, she suddenly breaks through as an artist. Shortly thereafter, the withdrawn Darley begins to write, his passivity shattered by the meaning of all that he has witnessed working through his memory.

In short, when the ego has been put down enough to create, it has also been put down enough to begin to try to love. The book closes with the promise that the two lovers will be reunited on a new plane.

All this seems to posit a special class which alone is eligible for salvation. The question raised is disturbing. But Pursewarden, the one mature artist among Durrell's characters, writes: "I see art more and more clearly as a sort of manuring of the psyche. It has no intention, that is to say no *theology* . . . Art is the purifying factor merely. It predicates nothing. It is the handmaid of silent content, essential only to joy and to love."

So the artists Darley and Clea are symbols not of a theory that only the artist may be saved, but of the relevancy of art and its unique insights for our situation. The two break through as artists and human beings not merely because they want so much to do their chosen work, but because they are willing to undergo the necessary psychic preparation to do it well.

Eden's Memoirs and Power Politics

FULL CIRCLE. The Memoirs of Anthony Eden. Houghton Mifflin. 676 pp. $6.95.

POLITICAL REALISM AND THE CRISIS OF WORLD POLITICS, by Kenneth W. Thompson. Princeton University Press. 261 pp. $5.

Reviewed by

William L. Neumann

ONE OF THE BURDENS of coalition diplomacy is the amount of time and diplomatic energy often required to maintain the coalition. Anglo-American relations since 1945 have at times involved as many difficulties as the relations of either nation with Moscow. This is one conclusion which can be drawn from Anthony Eden's account. And it is a conclusion which remains valid. After months of effort at reaching a joint position *vis-a-vis* the Soviet Union in regard to the first steps towards arms control, it still took a flying trip by Prime Minister Macmillan to Washington to reach even a makeshift front on this issue. Western diplomats must often

hope that Moscow finds relations with Peking, Warsaw, and Prague as energy-consuming.

Eden's memoirs are limited to his recent service, first as Foreign Secretary under Winston Churchill from 1951 to 1955 and as Prime Minister from 1955 to 1957. His earlier career included the post of Foreign Secretary from 1935 to 1938 and again from 1940 to 1945. He promises a second volume which will deal with the prewar and war years.

Full Circle has drawn most attention for its treatment of the Indochina conflict which ended in 1954 and of the Suez Wars of 1956. Both situations, according to Eden, were unfortunately complicated by the behavior of the United States. American policy on these crucial occasions is charged with being inconsistent—acceptance of a joint position on one day and of taking a contradictory stand the next day without informing allies. John Foster Dulles, "a preacher in a world of politics" who had little regard for the consequences of his words, is given major blame for this characteristic. Eden also feels that Dulles was too sensitive to the extremes of Congressional opinion and was willing to make major concessions to these elements without much regard for the effect of these concessions on his allies.

In the Indochina conflict Eden complains that Dulles was threatening to intervene with air and naval support for the French, and possibly with troop support as well. In this stand Dulles was strongly backed by Admiral Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff who, like General MacArthur in 1950, dismissed the dangers of provoking Chinese intervention. It was Churchill who believed that military action would be ineffective and might even take the world to the brink of a major war. Churchill's views prevailed, and the advocates of "limited war" were rebuffed for two years.

The Suez crisis evoked a different reaction from British Conservatives. Compromise made sense in dealing with the Communists of Viet Nam, but compromise with Egypt smacked of Munich and appeasement. Eden believed that war was necessary "to bring Nasser to his senses." The American attitude, Eden says, was limited to exerting moral pressure and in practice would have meant "conferences and resolutions, but not action." He is less than frank about what followed. He passes quickly over British and French relations with Israel preceding the Israeli attack on Egypt. He says nothing about the timing of a venture on the eve of the American Presidential elections when the importance of the pro-Israeli vote could be expected to tie President Eisenhower's hands. And he makes an effort to present the Franco-British military operation within an anti-Soviet framework, hinting that Egypt used Russian pilots in its air force.

The military operation ended with the Canal jammed with sunken ships and with Egyptians convinced of the ruthlessness of the "imperialists." In the three years which have followed the Egyptians have demonstrated their ability to operate the Canal as efficiently as the previous owners, and a reluctant Britain and France have had to accept Nasser's continued rule. A charge has been made recently by a former State Department official that the Anglo-French attack probably tipped the balance in Moscow in favor of using force against Hungary. The Soviet decision was reportedly taken after a violent debate in which the argument for military action won only after the Anglo-French bombing of Egypt. The record is a sorry one, and Eden, unlike Churchill, is unable to present failure as a noble crusade with the help of bold Churchillian prose.

Those who feel that statesmen have yet to reshape their thinking in the face of the harsh facts of thermonuclear war will only have this conclusion sadly confirmed by this memoir. Eden devotes little more than a half dozen pages to consideration of the new weapons and the question of arms control. The world of the 1950's is for him little different from that of the 1930's, with Russia replacing Germany.

Kenneth Thompson's essays on "political realism" urge the policy maker to take a more comprehensive approach to the Twentieth Century world of nations. The word "realism" has been used to defend a wide variety of approaches, but Thompson associates it with the views held by Reinhold Niebuhr, E. H. Carr, the late Nicholas Spykman of Yale, and Hans J. Morgenthau. These men are united in their rejection of the optimistic view of man of the Enlightenment and accept him and his society as always falling far short of perfection. Absolutes, therefore, have little meaning in politics and moral crusades no place in international politics.

Using these assumptions, Thompson reviews American thought about international relations and American postwar policies. His criticisms are often to the point and his analyses incisive. Faced with the complex situations which make up the American dilemma, he urges a recognition that power politics is here to stay and that in the game of national rivalry military and economic power are the means which determine the ends. The United States must therefore attend to its present failures in military preparedness and restore its fighting power.

All this was undoubtedly sensible advice at some time in the past. The big question is whether it still makes sense after President Truman's announcement in September, 1949, of a Soviet atomic explosion or after the dramatic demonstration of weapons delivery systems with the launching of Sputnik in October, 1957. Man is still the imperfect being he was in the past, but science has provided him with a weapon perfect enough to make man extinct. Can students of international affairs still discuss the continuation of the international power struggle and assume the viability of the use of force? Most of those who do this speak only in terms of "limited war" or "limited retaliation" with the hope that man can continue organized killing within an ethical framework that spares the mass of urban populations. Probably the best answer is the statement made by Britain's military expert, Liddell Hart: "Man's greatest folly is his failure to recognize his own capacity for folly."

THE REVIEWERS

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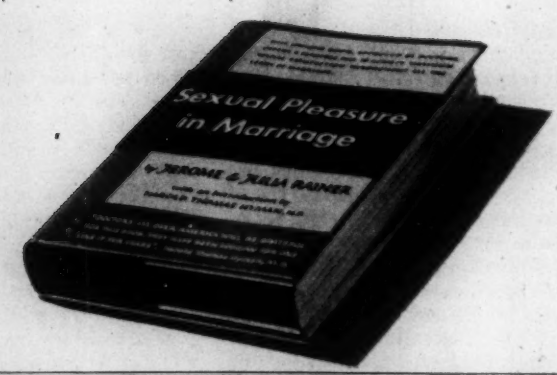

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